THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 45, N°. 9, for September, 1814.

This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. The Grand Duchess of Oldenburg.
2. Fashionable Costume for October.
3. Patterns for Collars.

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LONDON:

Printed for G. and S. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster Row,

where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Lacey's packet has reached us, and some of his valuable communications appear in the present Number. The rest shall have early insertion.

We do not wish to discourage the early efforts of genius, but *John of Boston's "first trial,"* is too incorrect as to versification for our work. He should submit his sonnets to the correction of some judicious friend, before he sends them to us.

We cannot employ our time in expounding riddles and enigmas, but we have no objection to insert them, provided we see that they are decorously expressed, and know that they can be satisfactorily explained. If *S. G. L.* will supply us with a proper solution of his *Logograph*, it shall have a place in our miscellany.

Le beau Polonois, will require some *further* alterations, which we are willing to undertake. Thus *chastened*, it may appear in the Lady's Magazine.

We shall shortly commence the interesting dramatic piece, entitled "*A Day at an Inn.*"

We accept with great pleasure, Miss Richardson's "*Lines on the Death of an Infant*," and "*The Sorrows of Ellen*;" but shall be much obliged, by her revision of the "*Parody*." Her "*Jephtha*," and "*Acrostic*," appear this month.

We shall be glad to hear further from the author of "*The Matron's Society.*"

"*Caroline*," shall appear in due time.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE

For SEPTEMBER, 1814.

Brief Memoir *of her Imperial Highness* Catharina Paulowna, *Grand Duchess of* Oldenburg.

The short and inauspicious reign of the Emperor Paul suddenly terminated on the 24th of March, 1801, when he left eight children. Of these the eldest is the brave and magnanimous Alexander, who has stamped immortality upon his name by being a main instrument in releasing the continent of Europe from the most oppressive and degrading despotism, under which nations ever groaned. The fifth of the same family, is Catharina Paulowna, the subject of this memoir, who was born on the 21st of May, 1788.

The Emperor of Russia is Duke of Holstein Gottorp, to which Holstein Oldenburg is a fief. Hence arose the union of the Grand Duchess with the prince of that house, who died not long after, leaving a son. Since that event, his amiable widow has devoted much of her time to maternal duties, occasionally making excursions to different courts, and enjoying the society of the many royal families, to which she is allied.

Having signified her intention to visit this country, the Prince Regent commanded that the Jason frigate should convey her Imperial Highness to our shores, which she reached on the 30th of March last, accompanied by her son Prince Alexander of Oldenburg, and escorted by the Duke of Clarence. She took up her abode at the Pulteney Hotel, and every mark of attention, due to her exalted rank, was immediately paid on the part of our Royal Family and the British nobility. Sumptuous dinners, and brilliant *fêtes* of various descriptions, were given on every side, in honor of the illustrious stranger; and these were repeated to a still greater extent, when she was, soon after, joined by her august brother.

But, though the Grand Duchess fully entered into the spirit of these festivities, her active mind, impelled by an insatiable thirst of knowledge, was continually and ardently directed towards the objects of curiosity, manufacturing establishments, public buildings, and institutions of national utility, with which this country abounds. The number which she visited during her short stay, was surprising; and the observations, which she is stated to have made upon them, were such, as evinced, in a high degree, the acuteness of her judgment. In town, the palaces, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, Guildhall, the Bank of England, the Mansion House, the Magdalen Hospital, the British Museum, the Court of King's Bench, the Quaker's Meeting, the Asylum for Orphan Girls, the Philanthropic Society, &c. &c. were honored by her presence. To Oxford she paid two visits, for the purpose of examining the colleges there—the latter in company with the Emperor. The Prince Regent attended them on this occasion, as also when her Imperial Highness went to Chelsea and Greenwich. She likewise made a tour to the magnificent seats of the Duke of Marlborough, the Marquis of Buckingham, and the Earl of Warwick, at

Blenheim, Stowe, and Warwick Castle. She examined the extensive works of Mr. Bolton, at Soho, and Mr. Thomasson, in Birmingham, the china-manufacture at Worcester, and several others. Her Imperial Highness also devoted considerable attention to several valuable collections of paintings, particularly the matchless one belonging to the Marquis of Stafford. In fine, almost every day was sedulously devoted to an investigation of objects, which reflected honor upon her taste and understanding.

The Grand Duchess sailed from England on the 26th June, in the same frigate which had brought her to it, leaving a most favorable impression on the public mind, her Imperial Highness having uniformly evinced a captivating condescension of manners, without at the same time forgetting the dignity, which appertains to her elevated station. It was remarked, that the cordial, and indeed, almost enthusiastic welcome, with which the Emperor was every where received, irradiated her countenance with still more evident signs of gratification than even personal attentions to herself.

In the extensive royal circle, which enlivened the British metropolis, her amiable disposition made her universally admired, and she is supposed to have gained, during her short stay, a greater portion of the Princess Charlotte's confidence, than is possessed by any one resident in this country.

It was rumoured that one of our Royal Dukes had intentions of offering his hand to the Grand Duchess, but we believe there was no foundation for the report. The late numerous assemblage of princely visitors was a circumstance so unusual in England, that the world naturally indulged in royal *match-making*; and several alliances were spoken of as being on the *tapis*, while the parties themselves probably never thought of them.

The Grand Duchess is not particularly handsome; but the sweetness of expression, which frequently animates her countenance, by no means allows us to describe her as the reverse.

Being convinced that every thing which relates to the Imperial Family of Russia, will be interesting to our readers, we present them with a correct list of its members.

1. The Emperor Alexander, born 23d December, 1777, married 9th October, 1793, to Louisa Maria Augusta (re-christened Elizabeth Alexjewna*) Princess of Baden, who was born 25th January, 1779.

From this statement it will be seen, that, at the period of their nuptials, the Emperor was not 16, and the Empress only 14 years old; so that, though the one is at present hardly 37, and the other only 35, they have been married *twenty-one years!*

2. The Grand Duke Constantine Paulowitsch, born 8th May, 1779, and married to Juliana Henrica Ulrica, (re-christened Anna Feodorowna) daughter of the Duke of Saxe Coburg.—The Grand Duke Constantine is the prince who has been mentioned as likely to become King of Poland.

3. The Grand Duchess Helena Paulowna, born 24th December, 1784, and married to the Duke of Mecklenburg Schwerin.

4. The Grand Duchess Maria Paulowna, born 15th February, 1785.—We believe she is dead.

5. The Grand Duchess of Oldenburg, our late visitor.

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* When any princess is married into the Imperial Family of Russia, she is invariably required to adopt the religion of the Greek Church, and is re-christened by a Russian name.

6. The Grand Duchess Anna Paulowna, born 18th January, 1795.

7. The Grand Duke Nicholas Paulowitsch, born 25th June, 1796.

8. The Grand Duke Michael Paulowitsch, born 8th February, 1798.

The Empress Dowager, mother of the above eight princes and princesses, is Sophia Dorothea Augusta, (re-christened Maria Feoderowna) daughter of Frederic Eugene, Duke of Wurtemberg. She was born 25th October, 1759, married to the Emperor Paul, 18th October, 1776, and has been a widow since the 24th of March, 1801, when Alexander ascended the throne.

The Highland Hermitage.

(Continued from page 383.)

Mr. Middleton, to P. Sydney, Esq. In Continuation.

You must think, Sydney, that we were more than ever interested in this adventure. Mr. Hamilton stood for some time lost in a profound reverie. At last said he, "Middleton, I will write to Lieutenant Bruce."—"I fear that method will not be successful, sir."—"I will try however, Harry."—These then are the lines from the pen of Mr. Hamilton:

"I feel that what I am now doing is very aukward, lieutenant, for one stranger to address another, and seek his acquaintance too! But you have a noble soul, lieutenant, I read it in your countenance. I have been long an alien from my country. Stripped of my birth-right, I have in the east acquired an immense property: I will share it with you.—If you have sorrows that money will not alleviate, I too have my sorrows: I will relate them to you.—I never bent the knee to my own species, but, lieutenant, I will kneel to you, if it will procure me your confidence, and if you will put it in my power to serve you. I trust you know me. A line directed to Mr. Hamilton, and left at the house whence you will receive this, will reach me.—Adieu, brave lieutenant."

This note was left at the house where Mr. Hamilton lodged on his first arrival at Inverness, and a boy conveyed it to the lieutenant's lodgings. The next day we found the following answer:

"All that you tell me, may very possibly, be true. But, why do you wish to penetrate into the privacy of one, who knows not you, who has no wish to be known to you? I have no taste for your eastern magnificence, and am one of those who look on the vast oriental possessions, invested in a great body of Englishmen, as no real acquisition to my country. Neither do I feel any vast respect for those, who return decked with the spoils of a depressed people. If your riches are a burden to you, return them to those whom you possibly have wronged. Trust me, it will be a greater comfort to your conscience than an ostentatious act of charity to one, who has long learned to be content with a little. — Stranger, farewell. "*Lieutenant Bruce.*"

"This is the kind of answer I expected," said Mr. Hamilton, "from the opinion I had formed of the man. Yet still my soul will not be at peace, till I know more of this officer."

A few days after, we met them as usual. The customary salutations passed. The lieutenant seemed inclined to halt—we immediately stopped.

The stranger advanced a few steps—"I know," cried he rather haughtily, "that you have received the note from Lieutenant Bruce. This woman tells me," continued he, "that I have not expressed myself as one gentleman should to another."—"Poor Ellen," cried he with a faint smile, "is still a friend to soft-

ness and flattery, though she has suffered so much from these courtly qualities. Do you, sir, think with this female, that my language was harsh?" — "I have no right to complain," replied Mr. Hamilton, "though I could have wished it had been otherwise." — "Then, sir," answered the lieutenant—his natural color considerably heightened, and taking his hat full from his head, while he cautiously held out his hand —"Lieutenant Bruce asks your pardon, and know, that is a condescension he would not make to an emperor, if he did not think he had acted wrongly."

Mr. Hamilton gracefully waved his hat, his face glowing with pleasure, while he eagerly grasped the proffered hand. "And I, by heaven, lieutenant, had rather take this hand than the hand of an emperor. A year's intercourse could not have made us better acquainted with each other, than this introduction has done."

"I will introduce you, Mr. Hamilton," said the lieutenant, "to a place that will be a novelty to one used to Asiatic luxury, and Ellen shall make you a dish of tea."

Mr. Hamilton, with a look of ineffable satisfaction, took hold of the remaining arm of the lieutenant, while I proffered mine to Ellen, which she did not refuse. In this manner we reached the town: in a retired part of which, we entered a house, and in the third story was the lieutenant's apartment. The room was a large one, with no other ornaments than massy beams and white walls. There was no superfluity of furniture; but what there was, was plain and neat. The embers of the fire were done up close, to prevent its blazing too freely in their absence.—It was a cold evening. Ellen looked at the fire, then at me. I felt myself so much at home, that I immediately stirred it; and an old woman entering with a tea kettle, I took it from her, and placed it on the fire, which now began to burn freely.—You know not, Sydney, how cheerily I felt at that moment. Ellen went out, and returned with the tea equipage, bread and butter, &c. and while we were employed in domestic matters, the lieutenant and Hamilton had already passed through all the four quarters of the globe.

"As for me and my sister," said the lieutenant, while both advanced towards the fire, "we could not now enjoy more than we at present possess. But I have a boy of seventeen under me, who has not a shilling in the world, or a friend, except myself; and I can do nothing for him. This boy sighs for a soldier's occupation.

"Now, now, lieutenant," interrupted Mr. Hamilton, "you are indeed my friend; I'll provide for this boy, I'll get him a commission." The lieutenant pulled a bell. A fine open countenanced youth entered, and modestly saluted the company. His bow was all Ellen's. I could have sworn that she had the charge of this part of his education. "Albert," said the lieutenant, "bring down your father's sword." The youth withdrew, and returned in a moment with it in his hand. "Albert, will you trust that gentleman with your sword?" "No," replied he, grasping it firmly. "But Albert, that gentleman will procure you a commission." "Well, sir, if the gentleman has the goodness to provide for a poor lad, he will not think the worse of him for the value he sets on his father's sword, when he knows it was all the patrimony that was left him."—"My brave boy," cried Hamilton pressing him eagerly in his arms; "I will cherish thee,

as my own, and were I a few years younger, I should hope that I might live to see thee at the head of a regiment." The lieutenant grasped the arm of Mr. Hamilton, the muscles of his face relaxed, and a falling tear rested on Hamilton's sleeve. Mr. Hamilton looked alternately at the moisture and on the lieutenant, and turning his face away to hide his own emotion, seated himself.

The boy fell at his feet and placing his father's sword across Mr. Hamilton's knees, kissed it, and bathed the hand of his new benefactor with tears. "I have not" said Albert, "been taught the use of many words; but if ever I forget thee, noble stranger, may this right arm fail me in the hour of battle!—"Ellen," said the lieutenant, "make us a dish of tea, and then I will tell our tale to these gentlemen." "Not now, dear lieutenant," replied Mr. Hamilton," to morrow you and Albert will dine with me at my lodgings, when we will exchange stories. And you too, madam," turning to Ellen, and affectionately taking her hand, "will favor me with your company. It is true, I have no female to introduce you to, fond as I am of the sex. I unfortunately have not the happiness of being connected with any one. But we will endeavour to make it as agreeable to you as we can. There will be only your friends, for I flatter myself in that light you already look on Middleton and me." —"My sister will not dine with you to morrow," interrupted the lieutenant; "for there are some few particulars, the repetition of which, would not be pleasing to her ear." A faint blush for a moment tarried on the wan cheek of Ellen.—Cheerfulness and confidence enlivened the heart of every one. It was a happy evening, Sydney, and, before we separated, it was agreed that the lieutenant and Albert should dine with us; and that we should afterwards take our tea with Ellen. The next day, when we met, the lieutenant's soul shone in his eye. At table he seemed to feel himself at home, and after a few cheerful glasses, he assured Mr. Hamilton, that he had not, for many years, felt himself so much inclined to be friends with the world, as at that moment. Hamilton answered with a look that won the lieutenant's heart; and, after musing a few minutes, he entered on the following detail.

"Sixty years ago on the tenth of last month, I first saw the light in one of our West Indian settlements, where my father's regiment was stationed; and Colin Bruce, absent on furlow, received sixpence a day, till he was old enough to carry a pair of colours; when my father had interest enough, to obtain for me an ensign's commision, he being at that time, no higher than a lieutenant. We wandered from one settlement to another, sometimes on the coast of Africa, then in America: till I reached my eighteenth year. I had seen the sun gild various climates, and I had been inured to the horrors of war in many countries. At that period, our regiment was ordered to England. On our passage I lost my mother, and soon after we were safely landed. My father, after many years of hard service, at last rose to the command of a company. We did not long remain in England —we were ordered to Scotland, whence we crossed to the continent. There I was in many warm engagements, which I will not trouble you with the description of. At last peace waved her olive branch, and gave the veteran time to breathe. We now went to Ireland, where we continued for some years. My father was a good and brave man, but,

like most other men, he had his weak side. At a time of life when it would have been more in character for him to have been endeavouring to make his peace with God, he thought proper, to make love to a young lady; who, like many other young ladies, had little more to recommend her than a pretty face. She listened to my father, and for the love she bore towards a red coat, and the sound of a drum, she married him. My father had long past the heyday of youth, yet he was passionately fond of his young bride, and she too seemed content. But this happiness was transient as a dream. My mother in law lived but to give birth to little Ellen, and then left this world for a better. Little Ellen did very well while my father lived; but ere she reached her tenth year, she lost this only support. My father, in his last moments grasped my hand eagerly, and cast a wistful look on poor Ellen. I took the little orphan in my arms, and assured him, that while Colin Bruce lived, his daughter should not want a protector. Satisfied with this assurance, he died in peace. I was then a lieutenant, and was besides possessed of a few hundred pounds, left me by a brother of my mother's, and I loved this little defenceless girl too well to think her any incumbrance on my slender fortune. Soon after we were ordered to England. On my arrival, I flew to an old lady, a distant relation; whom I persuaded to take charge of Ellen. Ellen's manners, at that early age, were soft and engaging. The good old lady seemed to think she should find in her an entertaining companion, and as her jointure was an easy one, the allowance I could prevail on her to receive from me was but a trifle, for the expenses of education. Perfectly satisfied with the care I had taken of my young charge, I left her with a light heart. My life was doomed to be an active one. I was again ordered abroad, and did not return to England till Ellen had passed her eighteenth year; when I flew to this dear child of my affections, I found her in tears—her venerable friend had just breathed her last. At what a dangerous age was poor Ellen, turned on the wide world, and what was worse, she was handsome! My regiment was ordered to Gibraltar.—What could I do with Ellen? My honor I could defend with my sword, but in the power of Ellen I did not think it so secure. The poor girl loved me, and besought me to take her with me. I feared her beauty, but yet hoped that, while under my protection, she might be safe. Luckily my captain was my friend: he was, like me, born a soldier; we had been friends from childhood. Never in my converse with the world, did I meet with the counterpart of my Albert's father. He was married—his wife was a good woman, and I hoped that she would prove a good companion for my Ellen.

(*To be continued.*)

A Peep *at my* Neighbours; *or,* Asmodeus *in the* Country.

(*Continued from page* 315.)

"We will now," said Asmodeus, "proceed to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Controvert, where you will see what you would perhaps doubt, without the evidence of your own senses."

"I have heard the name," said I, "and have also heard that they are not the happiest couple in the world. Some say she is the best of women, but unfortunately has a profligate, dissipated husband; while others represent him as a good sort

of man, who would be a sociable, pleasant neighbour, but for the parsimony and ill temper of his wife. Now I should very much like to know, which of the reports is more worthy of credit."

"Like most other reports," observed my companion, "they are dictated by prejudice: but you shall see, hear, and judge for yourself."

We had by this time reached the parlour window, where we quietly stationed ourselves, and perceived Mrs. Controvert busily employed packing up several articles of provision in a basket; which her maid servant held for the purpose. A large piece of fine ham, a small pie, a piece of cold beef, and a few cucumbers, completed the intended present. "There! I think that will do for this time, Sally," said Mrs. Controvert. "Tell the good soul, I will send him something more, in the course of a few days."

"This is a charitable present then, it seems," said I.

"You shall hear, if you have a little patience," returned Asmodeus.

At that moment, a shabby-looking girl knocked at the door, which was opened by Sally, who soon returned into the parlour.—"Mrs. Brounlow's daughter is come again, ma'am. She says, her mother is just got to bed, and would be very thankful for a little wine to put in her gruel, or a bit of meat for broth."

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed Mrs. Controvert. "I wonder how folks can take such liberties. I cannot afford to be giving away to people, that I have nothing to do with."

"She says, ma'am, my master desired her to come."

"Your master's a fool! He would give the shirt off his back, if I would let him.—He had better mind his own family.—Well, if I must, I must. Bring up that piece of mutton, Sally, that we left last Monday: I dare say, it will not be good to-morrow: but it will do well enough for broth; and there is some stale beer in the pitcher, that she may make caudle with. Tell her, I do not think wine fit for her mother yet."

"Very well ma'am," said Sally, and retired to execute her mistresses orders.

"This seems very inconsistent," I observed. Surely I must have been too hasty in my judgment, when I imagined that the contents of the basket were dedicated to a charitable purpose."

Asmodeus smiled, and motioned for me to be silent. A thundering knock now echoed at the door, and put the lady of the house into a considerable flutter, which she could scarcely conceal, when her husband entered the room, as if fatigued after a long journey. He threw off his coat, laid his whip on a chair, and began to unbuckle his spurs. "Well, my dear, how are you?" inquired Mrs. Controvert in a whining tone—"I did not expect you home to night."

"I have settled that cursed business sooner than I expected;" replied the husband.—"Fie upon it, Mr. Controvert! Cannot you answer a question without using such wicked words?"

"Why, I might as well perhaps," returned Controvert: "but I have been using considerable exertion to do a good action; and so, as I would not be *righteous over much*, I give myself a little latitude the other way, you see."

"Aye! I hear and see a great deal more than I approve," said Mrs. Controvert.

"And so do I," returned her husband drily.—"But come, I am plaguy hungry: what have you for my supper?"

"Nothing, indeed," replied Mrs. Controvert. "I told you I did not expect you to night; and Mrs. Brounlow's daughter has been here; and so I sent all the fragments in the house, to her mother."

"Humph! did you? I just met Sally with a basket: was that for Mrs. Brounlow?"

Mrs. Controvert, I saw, colored up to the eyes, and, with very little hesitation, answered, to be sure it was."

"Well," said he, I was not quite satisfied with Sally's answer, when I questioned her: and so I just took the liberty of bringing back the basket. I have it here in the passage; and, by the weight, I think you must have been over generous. Perhaps there may be something in it that would do for my supper."

Mrs. Controvert appeared confounded, as her husband stepped into the passage, and returned with the identical basket, which he immediately opened and drew forth the contents. "Why, zounds! Mrs. Controvert! these things are not fit for a lying-in woman. Let me see; here is a note too—'the Rev. Mr. Mendsole.'—Mary! Mary! this is scandalous."

"Scandalous, Mr. Controvert! what is there scandalous in making a trifling present to a worthy man? I am sure I dont know what would have become of me—wicked sinner as I was—if I had not been enlightened by his pious discourses; not that he values the good of this world; but it shows a grateful spirit in his hearers to make these little offerings to one, who, though rich in grace, abounds not in worldly wealth."

"I'll tell you what, Mrs. Controvert," returned her husband angrily. —"It is not the first time you have played me this trick: but by . . . . . . (and he swore an oath which made his pious wife shudder) "it shall be the last, or I will make that preaching cobbler repent mounting the rostrum here. But why do I blame the man? He is only getting a living in the easiest way that he can. It is the infatuated dupes who listen to him, that should be censured; and I will take care to harbour none such in my house. Therefore, mark me, Mrs. Controvert! for the future, *my* church shall be *your* church; or *my* home shall no longer be *your* home. You shall follow the religion you were brought up in; and then you will perhaps act up to your duties, as a wife, a mother, and a good Christian. This is your charity forsooth! to turn off a poor creature who is in absolute want, with the musty scrapings of your cupboard (for I was at poor Brounlow's when your present came) while all the dainties you could collect, were sent to a fellow who deserves to be sent on board the hulks: and this you call charity!"

"Yes, I do—and true charity too," replied Mrs. Controvert, vehemently, "and you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Controvert, to talk in the manner you do—wicked sinner as you are! but a time will come."

"I have heard enough of this matrimonial squabble," said I. "Let us take flight for a more interesting scene, if you please."

"With all my heart," returned Asmodeus, "but you here behold one material cause of matrimonial infelicity—a difference of opinion in religious matters which should, if possible, always be avoided.—Mrs. Controvert, wholly devoted to the new doctrine, considers every innocent indulgence as a sin, and grudges her husband, children, and servants, the most trivial gratification; while she wastes his property

on an illiterate, sordid and low-minded preacher, who boldly and impiously tells his hearers, that their salvation is only to be insured by liberality to their spiritual guide. I grant that there are respectable and worthy men among the ministers of dissenting sects—men, whose piety and talents have been justly estimated by the dignitaries of the established church; and who have done more towards the advancement of christian knowledge, than their adversaries are inclined to confess. But it is not, upon that account, to be inferred, that all those impostors, who pretend to be inspired, and who strive to awe their congregations into compliance with their extortionate demands, by threats of divine condemnation, are to be encouraged.—To hear the rhapsodical nonsense of some of these mercenaries is sufficient to elucidate their real motives: yet it is surprising what influence they possess.

"When the late Mr. H—— was buried, this very woman was so infatuated as to put herself and children into deep mourning; and even carried her folly so far as to tie a piece of black crape round her dog's neck. Nay more, she has been heard to declare, that she would rather have seen all her children in their coffins, than have lost the comfort of hearing that precious man's discourses."

"This is rather a strange subject for you to enter so warmly upon, my friend," said I to Asmodeus: "I should have thought these little aberrations would have been pleasing, to one of your order."—"Pardon me," replied he gravely, "if I tell you that you are mistaken in your conclusion. We members of the infernal legion enlist under our banners the decidedly vicious, yet respect, and stand in awe of the truly virtuous; but those sort of non-descripts, that belong to neither power, teaze and annoy us in the highest degree. Their arrogance and presumption do not entitle us to class them with the wicked; yet I doubt whether their good deeds or innate rectitude will ever ensure them the reward of the just."

I found my companion was a little nettled by my remark; therefore, taking his arm, I requested he would remove me to a more amusing scene; a request, which he immediately complied with.

The Viper.

A Fragment.

By Mr. Webb, *Haverhill.*

"If Heav'n a draught of heav'nly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful loving modest pair
In calm retirement breathe the tender tale,
Beneath the milk white thorn, that scents the ev'ning gale."

"This," said Honorio, as he was taking an evening excursion with Clementina, "is one of my favorite scraps of poetry: it contains, I conceive, an interesting idea, quite in unison with our present happy situation."—"Your sentiments perfectly agree with mine," replied his fair companion; "and the pleasing circumstance of being the participators of the blissful enjoyment gives a peculiar interest to the stanza. During this enchanting season, how fascinating to rove through these charming scenes, when officious Cupid scatters roses along the pathway!—How grateful to the fond maiden to

"Meet in some rural shade a Colin's smile,
With love's soft stories wing the laughing hour;
Drop in his dear embraces from the stile,
And share his kisses in the leafy bow'r."
Peter Pindar.

While thus indulging themselves in mutual converse, the source of light was sinking beneath the horizon, the blackbird was hymning a requiem for departed day, and Philomela was welcoming in the gentle reign of evening with her mellifluous lay.

"On a seat, with green moss well supply'd,
Honorio pleaded his cause;
The fair one with blushes reply'd,
And the nightingale fill'd up the pause."

As they sat admiring the surrounding scenery, their attention was attracted by the rustling of some dry grass that lay at their feet, from which issued a viper.—Clementina swooned. — Honorio, though much alarmed, instantly dispatched the venomous intruder, and, as Cowper says, "taught it to come there no more." Much agitated he ran to a spring that bubbled near, brought some water in the hollow of his hand, and, applying it to her temples, soon restored her senses.

As she, reclining on his arm, walked slowly homewards, Honorio moralized on the singular adventure. "How full," he exclaimed, "of vicissitude is human life! The morning sun of pleasure may gild the scene, yet ere meridian noon, it may be enveloped in shades! How oft have the rose-buds, that encircled the brow of joy, been suddenly exchanged for the cypress wreath of woe, and the brisk sallies of mirth for the dismal plaints of sorrow! Here, alas! the bowl of bliss is often dashed with gall; and the loveliest blossoms of Hope blasted when their sweets began to gratify the sense, and their beauties to charm the eye."

"Crimson tints the rose adorn,
Yet beneath them lurks the thorn;
Fair and flow'ry shows the brake,
Yet it hides the vengeful snake."
Shenstone.

JOHN WEBB.

The AUTHOR'S PORTFOLIO.

(*Continued from page* 367.)

N°. 4.

INTEGRITY *and* DUPLICITY.

An Allegory.

FAITHFUL to his word, Integrity bent no more his steps toward the cottage; but his brother, who had frequently been there with him, and had also beheld the maiden with enamoured eyes, though with sentiments far different from those cherished by Integrity, no sooner obtained knowledge of their enforced separation, than he resolved to turn it to his own advantage; but as his intentions were not such as he knew either she or her parents would approve, he was under the necessity of proceeding with extreme caution.—To this end he visited the cottage, pretending ignorance of what had occurred. Innocence, little suspecting his views, ingenuously revealed every particular; upon which, Duplicity affected to condemn his brother for his too ready compliance. "Had he loved you with the sincerity he professed," said he, with assumed indignation, "he would not, could not have acted thus; at least I am sure I could not, had I been so circumstanced. My father, he well knows, is so indulgent that he would sacrifice his most ambitious hopes to promote the happiness of either of us. I never thought Integrity ambitious: I hope and trust it is not the case; but, for your sake, sweet Innocence, I will search into the truth." Having laid this foundation for distrust in the mind of the fair one, (for the most artless, in love are prone to suspicion) he departed.

When he next sought the humble residence of the unhappy maid, Duplicity appeared to be oppressed with melancholy, threw the most winning tenderness into his manner, and, after some appearance of hesitation,

informed Innocence that his brother had consented to marry a female of high rank, whom he represented as a paragon of beauty, elegance, and fascination. "It is not surprising, to be sure," he added, "that he should be dazzled by her perfections; but, I think, that after an engagement so tender as that which subsisted between you, his heart might have been proof against the attractions of Lady Fashion. Mine, I am certain, would." Innocence was too easily duped by this designing tale; for she knew not the specious character of him who addressed her. The interest, which Duplicity seemed to take in her fate, his sympathy for her sufferings, his professions of esteem, excited her gratitude, and won her confidence. He well knew how to assume the look, and even accent of her lover. She could not but feel touched by the resemblances; and, after several interviews, she suffered him to lead her out on a romantic moon-light stroll, when he began by talking of his brother, but usually ended with professions of his own admiration and regard. Innocence fell into the snare, and while she yet cherished Integrity in her heart, became the hapless victim of Duplicity.

* * * * * *

Ignorant of what was passing at the cottage, Integrity continued firm in his laudable resolution of exerting his talents, with a view of obtaining an honorable independence. Pride, at first, made some objections to the scheme, but was at length overruled by the suggestions of Plausibility, and Duplicity, who had each their own private views to further.

Plausibility asserted that Integrity might be prosperous in any liberal profession, without disgracing his name or family; and Duplicity insinuated that it was the only way, by which he could be secured from forming the alliance so much disapproved on the part of his father.

Integrity no sooner obtained his father's permission than he prepared for his departure; and, furnished with introductory letters to various professional men in high repute, whom he was directed to consult before he decided on any pursuit, quitted his paternal residence with a heavy, but not desponding heart.— To follow him step by step would be an attempt that would lead us beyond our prescribed limits. Suffice it that, after mature deliberation, he found himself unable to decide in favor of any of the professions, or avocations, in which he might have been engaged.—The practice of medicine he found incompatible with his feelings; for it would lead him to scenes of misery, both mental and bodily, which the utmost skill and humanity could not relieve; and to make it a profitable pursuit he saw would to him be impossible—while that of law was equally revolting to his principles; as he could never consent to argue against conscience and conviction, for the sake of a paltry sum. —To divinity he had also unconquerable objections, as he knew the frailty of human nature, and dreaded to prophane God's holy temple as a preacher of doctrine, which might not be enforced by the utmost purity of life in the preacher.—Trade he soon found he could have nothing to do with; and after much anxiety, on account of difficulties which he had not foreseen, he resolved on commencing author.—"In this attempt at least," thought he, "I may be more successful. I shall have no occasion to say what I do not think, or profess what I do not intend to practice. I shall pocket the emolument arising from my labour with a safe conscience, as I shall be paid only for what I do, and not for what I

ought to do, as is the case with many others. Yes, this pursuit will answer my purpose; and if not so profitable as many, it is at least creditable and independent."—Thus he argued, yet even in this he found himself mistaken. It may perhaps be wondered why he did not turn his thoughts towards the army or navy, but either of these would have been alike incompatible with his views; for an honorable life was at present more his wish than an honorable death; besides which, he could not bear the idea of wading to distinction through rivers of blood; neither could he take delight in burning towns, or ransacking villages; for it had not, at that time, entered the heads of warriors that it was possible to blend victory with mercy. It remained for a Wellington to return to his country with unstained laurels—for *him* was reserved the noble triumph of being honored and respected even by those he conquered.

Integrity began his literary career under the most favorable auspices. His works were perused with avidity and delight; and, flattered by the success which crowned his first efforts, he extended his views, and proceeded with boldness and enthusiasm. The politics of the country presented a wide field for discussion. He unfortunately took the wrong side, and in the vain attempt to correct and reform abuses, which he fancied injurious to the general good, he levelled some sarcastic and severe observations against persons high in power. In consequence of this oversight, he was tried for a libel, convicted in the full penalty, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. In this dilemma, he deemed it expedient to write to his father, but several months elapsed without his receiving any answer, till at last, when he had almost ceased to expect it, the following letter was put into his hands:

"Dear and honored sir,

"I am concerned to be the messsenger of bad tidings to you, but it is necessary that you should be informed of the death of my respected old master, and of the sad doings which have been going on in your absence.—You had not been many months away when Innocence disappeared. She was decoyed from her father's house, and it was rumoured that she fled to you, but I believe I can guess more truly who the villain was, that committed the base deed. Your father, however, gave credit to the report, and his indignation against you was so great, that, a short time previous to his death, he disinherited you, though I guess there were some underhand proceedings in this also; but it is not for me to say all I think.

"My young master, Duplicity, is married to Fraud, the daughter of a wealthy stock-broker in the metropolis. He is there still with his lady mother, and I find they are living in high style. The old castle is to be pulled down, and a modern fabric substituted in its stead, which will cost a mint of money. For my own part, I shall retire from a service, in which I no longer feel comfortable, and live in peace on the savings of my former industry. I am sincerely sorry for your misfortunes, and should be truly happy to offer you a home with me, if you could be content to share my lowly occupation, and dwell under the humble roof of your ever faithful old servant and sincere friend.

"*Honesty.*"

Integrity was deeply grieved and shocked by the intelligence contained in this letter. Had he been at liberty, he would have left no means untried to recover Innocence, and restore her to her friends. As it was,

he remained wretched, and almost heart broken, during the tedious period of confinement. On the day of his liberation, he hastened to the residence of his brother, and found him just dressing to go to court. Duplicity received him with a smiling countenance; but he perceived he was not a welcome guest, and no sooner did he mention Innocence, than his brother turned pale, and, in faltering accents, as sured him he had not seen her since he had quitted his paternal abode, which was indeed true, for he had deserted his victim as soon as he became acquainted with Fraud. Not that his conduct was become more moral, but her tears and upbraidings were troublesome to him; and he found associates less scrupulous, with whom he passed the hours of idleness, and dissipation.—Duplicity made pompous professions of regard for his brother, and even offered him assistance and protection, but it was upon terms which Integrity disdained; and he quitted his brother's house, disgusted with the depravity which he there beheld. On passing through one of the squares, he heard a footstep close behind him for a considerable time, which at last drew his attention, and he turned to see who it was, that seemed to be in pursuit of him. He beheld a female meanly clad, thin, and apparently in a deep decline. Her features were partially concealed by her bonnet, but as he turned, she raised her eyes to his face, and, uttering a faint cry, sunk senseless on the ground. He raised her, and gazed tenderly on her altered features; for it was indeed Innocence, whom he had in his arms. She soon revived, and, clasping her hands in supplication, exclaimed, "Oh! do not, do not cast me from you. I have erred, but I am penitent. I am not an abandoned wretch, though Despair and Poverty might have made me so. Take me, take me with you. The humblest dwelling with you would be paradise; but in this place I cannot stay. See to what I am reduced—I have suffered greatly for my fault."—Integrity wiped away her tears, and led her into a retired street, where he explained his situation to her, and she, in turn, made a full disclosure of his brother's baseness, and cruelty. "Since that time," said she, "I have earned a precarious subsistence by the work of my hands; for which I have seldom received more than a scanty pittance. I quitted my father's roof, because I could not bear to bring Shame upon their old age. The wretched offspring of my guilt I have cherished in misery and tears. See here," said she, opening her cloak, "what a sickly object it is! I fear it will soon breathe its last; but I have never applied to Duplicity for relief.—With this wretched babe, hugged closely to my breast, but cautiously concealed from every eye, I have traversed the crowded streets, unknown, and unpitied. I have seen my betrayer in his splendid carriage, hastening along to scenes of revelry, yet I heeded it not. All my thoughts turned to the object of my first regard; and when any form, which resembled your's, has met my eye, I have followed it in breathless agitation, as was the case just now."

"Alas!" replied Integrity, "what is to be done? I love and pity you; but like yourself I have no home, no friends, where you could be received."—Then, recollecting the old steward's letter, he added—"yes, there is one, to whom we will apply. I am young, and strong in health. Why should I not labour for a maintenance to support myself, and thee? Pride is no more—Plausibility has no right to interfere—and Duplicity

shall never have any intercourse with us. We shall reside near Humility and Simplicity. They will pardon their deluded child, and, under the roof of Honesty, eat the bread of Industry with contented minds."

This plan Innocence willingly agreed to, and it was accordingly put in execution. The old man gave them a hearty welcome—the parents of Innocence rejoiced at her return.—Shame died, and was buried; and the faithful lovers, reconciled to their lot, now dwell in peace with all around them, tasting the sweets of conjugal felicity, and domestic happiness.

Duplicity still passes his days in affluence, but his breast is a stranger to comfort. Remorse and Discontent torment him even in the midst of his gayest hours. His wife dishonors and deceives him. His home is a scene of discord and disorder; and even the pillow, on which he seeks repose, is strewed with the thorns of compunction.

The Matron's Society.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.

Sir,

The scarcity of amusement, so generally complained of in a country town, and which persons, who have been accustomed to mix in the bustle of the metropolis, and associate with intelligent characters of both sexes, find particularly irksome, has induced a number of respectable and well-informed females of this town to form themselves into a society, ostensibly of a charitable nature, but which, at the same time, in its plan embraces the means of affording innocent recreation to the members, and, it is hoped, will also be advantageous to several, who do not at present belong to the society, of which I have the honor of being admitted as secretary.

Our rules and regulations are as follows,—Every member pays a certain stipend per month, to be expended in the purchase of materials proper to make clothing for the poor; which articles are to be cut out, and made up by the members at every weekly meeting. The said members are to assemble for that purpose at their respective houses, alternately, every Monday evening, from the hour of five till eight: and that this laudable undertaking may not prove a dull or uninteresting occupation, we purpose, by way of amusement, to discuss a variety of such subjects as come within the scope of our observation and animadversion; devoting our attention chiefly to such as affect the interests of our sex. The speaking members are matrons advanced in life, none being admitted into that class under thirty years of age, in order that their decisions may have due weight with those, whose peculiar circumstances may require the guidance of superior judgment and experience. Our discussions will be perfectly disinterested and unprejudiced; therefore, if you, sir, think a copy of our proceedings, laid before your readers, would afford them amusement or edification, I will, with the greatest pleasure, transcribe every debate; and if any of your correspondents should wish to propose a question, I will promptly submit it to our president, Mrs. Caveat, in whom all authority, as to the admission or rejection of subjects to be canvassed, is vested.

Furthermore, as we have with much concern observed that, in most assemblies, where a limited or unlimited number of females meet together, they are usually so impatient

to give their opinions upon every subject, that they all talk together, to the great annoyance of each other, thereby occasioning the utmost confusion, and totally precluding the possibility of fair discussion, or correct hearing of the reasonings on both sides, we deem it expedient for our own comfort, and the benefit of the junior members, who need a little judicious advice on some important subjects, to resolve, that if any person is so impertinent as to interrupt a member while speaking, she shall forfeit half a crown to the charitable fund; and it is likewise requested, that those auditors, who are not enrolled as members, or employed in the service of the society, will bring with them their netting, knitting, or other light work, that they may, if possible, be withheld from bestowing any angry glances or impertinent leers upon any speaker, whose opinions may not appear to them judicious.

I have subjoined a list of our present members, and the question proposed for our first debate, and beg to subscribe myself, with the greatest respect, sir, your most obedient servant, SARAH SCRIBBLEWELL,
Magpie Row. Secretary.

Members of the Matrons' Society.
1814.

Caroline Caveat, *President,*
Priscilla Pratemore,
Julia Singleton,
Lydia Laconic,
Emily Eitherside,
Clara Controvert,
Penelope Positive,
Prudentia Turnpenny, *Treasurer,*
Susanna Snip, *Cutter-out.*
Sarah Scribblewell, *Secretary.*

Question for Monday, July 4th, 1814.

Which has the greater chance of comfort, an old woman who marries a young man, or a young woman who marries an old man?

The DUTCH PATRIOTS *of the Sixteenth Century.*

(*Continued from page* 362.)

MEANWHILE the mind of William was incessantly bent on the distresses endured by the gallant defenders of Leiden, and the means of conveying them relief. Fanaticism saw into his thoughts, and was enraged. Turning her eyes toward the camp of Alva, she fixed them on Jauregui, whom, from his cradle, she had taught to imbibe her poisons, and whom she reserved for the perpetration of an enormous deed. That wretch had with transports of joy beheld the execution of Egmont and Horn: in his rage, he had drunk of their blood: he had repaired to Madrid, had appeared before the ministers of the Inquisition, and by the most dire execrations bound himself signally to avenge their tribunal. He had penetrated into the palace of Philip, and there repeated the same oaths: then hurrying to the camp of Alva, the looks, the words, the actions of that sanguinary chief and his son had increased the fury which boiled in his breast.

During the silence of a dark night, while sleep refused to close his eyelids, "Is it thus," said he to himself, "that thou fulfillest the oath by which thou hast sworn either to howl to all eternity amid the infernal flames, or to avenge the violated sanctity of that holy tribunal, which Nassau and the Batavians have conspired to overturn? The sword of war is insufficient to cut off that audacious chief: Philip has set a price on his rebel head. To overcome him, is it necessary to arm so many warriors, and shed such torrents of blood? Nothing more is required, than one bold stroke from a daring hand; and that hand is thine. Heaven has brought thee into existence for the achievement

of that exalted enterprise. Heark the encomiums which will be lavished on thee by Philip, Alva, and the whole universe! behold the celestial palms already hovering over thee, and ready to crown thy temples with immortal honor!"

Fanaticism now pours new poisons into the heart of this monster: he quits the camp of Alva, assumes the imposing mask of the most ingenuous frankness, takes a perfidious and criminal oath under the Batavian banners, and fancies he sees at one moment the heavens opening over his head, at another the gulfs of hell yawning at his feet, to urge him on to the commission of the crime which he meditates.

Whenever the close of the day had suspended the labors of William, it was his custom to assemble several of the chiefs, and participate with them a simple un-ostentatious repast, at which they gave unrestrained indulgence to the effusions of friendship, and their discourses mutually tended to support and increase their courage. Ever affable, he was easy of access. Jauregui presents himself; and, announcing that he comes to inform him of the fate of the citizens of Leiden, he is instantly admitted.

While Nassau contemplates him, and discovers in his features a sinister design, the Spaniard, whose hand conceals one of those murderous tubes that vomit distant death, up-lifts his determined arm: the fire flashes, and the destructive ball strikes the hero. He falls into the arms of his friends: his blood flows in copious stream: a mortal paleness invades his countenance. Immediately the frantic assassin, determined to inflict a more effectual blow, draws a poignard: but Lewis anticipates his design, and plunges his sword into the wretch'es bosom. Every one of the surrounding chiefs contribute to dispatch him with multiplied wounds: he expires at the feet of William, who, opening his languid eyes to the light, without the least emotion gives orders to spare his murderer's life.—Meanwhile the hero's friends with eager diligence haste to give him aid; and every heart throughout the whole fleet is agitated by the most lively alarms.

Scarcely has the intelligence of this disastrous event reached the camp of Alva, when, to add new poignancy to the evils under which the citizens of Leiden groan, the Spaniards cause a report to be spread among them that Nassau is no more. At the dreadful news, a general mourning prevails within the walls: Douza and Werf wear on their countenances the semblance of hope and confidence, while their bosoms are racked with unutterable anguish. Meanwhile their thoughts are occupied on the means of learning the hero's fate, and informing him of their calamities, if still practicable. Every avenue on earth is shut against them; and they mournfully raise their eyes to the liquid realms of air, which alone remain open.

William, thrust by an assassin hand to the gates of death, and worn by unremitting care and toil, was daily growing more and more weak: but his fortitude still remained unshaken; and with undaunted eye he viewed the approach of his last hour. The only thing which disturbs the calm serenity of his soul, is the heart-rending thought that he can no longer support the cause of the Batavians, and that he must die before he has seen them crowned with triumph. Every individual around him is overwhelmed with grief and consternation: his dearest friends, even Lewis and Maurice, avoid his

presence—unable to endure the afflictive spectacle, and wishing to conceal from him their tears.

At this moment, the dove—often employed in Asia as the winged messenger between parted lovers, and the vehicle of their mutual sighs—the timid dove, now become the messenger of Liberty, the only medium of communication between the heroes engaged in opposing tyranny, and separated by intervening ramparts, armies, lands, and seas—the dove, whose route seems pointed out by a celestial genius, descends from the regions of air, and flutters around Lewis. Lewis disengages from under her wing a palm-leaf, examines it; hastily repairs to his brother, and William reads on it these words—"Nassau! Leiden is reduced to the last extremity: she sighs over thy fate: return to life, she implores thee."

"Yes!" said the hero, raising his languid eye—"Douza, and the citizens who invite me, shall see me again. Conveyed to within sight of their ramparts, I am determined to open myself a passage into their city. Shall I be seen to perish here on the bed of sickness? No! as long as I have breath, I am still capable of fighting."

Lewis clasps him in his arms, and exclaims, "Ah! how great my joy to see the spark of life rekindled in your breast! Lewis is resolved to follow you: if we must die, where can we find a more honorable grave, than amid the ruins of Leiden?"

The shades of night now extend over the heavens; and William, impatient to see the orient beams of day break forth, stretches his eye over the watery expanse; when, suddenly, the genius of the deep emerges from the opening waves, advances toward him, and thus begins—"Remain in my empire, where thy presence is necessary. Although the ocean has ravaged Zealand, to the ocean Holland will owe her salvation. Happy people! more than once shall you have to acknowledge my azure flood as the source of your liberty."—Oceanor disappears; and the hero's mind is illumined by a ray of divine light.

Immediately he orders that the principal chiefs be roused from their sleep. Un-delaying, they attend his summons; and William thus addresses them—

"Impatient to depart, I had my eye fixed on the silent deep, when an immortal voice said to me—'Remain in my empire, where thy presence is necessary. Although the ocean has ravaged Zealand, to the ocean Holland will owe her salvation. Happy people! more than once shall you have to acknowledge my azure flood as the source of your liberty.'—Enlightened by the divine admonition, I intend, without quitting the fleet, to drive the besieging enemy to a distance from those walls covered with heroes, and to banish Famine, who, seated on the smoking wreck of their fallen towers, acts as his auxiliary within. Thrice twenty forts, erected by Alva, separate them from the rest of the universe: within, the old men, the women, the children, all brave the dangers of the fight: the ramparts, shaken by repeated assaults, still withstand the fury of the assailants, though lying almost in ruins, till, reduced to dust, together with their valiant defenders, they wholly disappear from the face of earth.

"I knew that Leiden would be animated with heroic courage: but, seeing her, while afflicted by so many internal calamities, at the same time attacked by the united efforts of valour, fraud, and the most ferocious barbarity—and having con-

stantly before my eyes the image of Haerlem inundated with blood—I, who have been often thwarted by untoward fate, and at length struck with a blow which seemed likely to prove mortal—pardon me, Leiden! I for a while trembled to anticipate thy doom. But I am restored to life; and I will not descend to the grave, until I have given aid to such generous patriots. In the midst of thy distresses, rejoice, Leiden, to have been the mother of a race of heroes and heroines equal to those who erst have been the pride of Sparta and of Rome!

"Near Delfshaven, where the Meuse unites with one of the branches of the Rhine to proceed in conjunction with it to the sea, proudly rise our loftiest dikes, which have never been known to yield to the fury of the tempest. Burst those ancient mounds: call in those waters, as auxiliaries against the Spaniard; and, attacking him at the same time yourselves, spread confusion, consternation, and death throughout his encampment. Lewis, Maurice, and ye who accompany them, haste to reduce the numerous forts with which Alva keeps the citadel as it were bound with adamantine chains: be the ships made ready: let them fly to the assistance of its gallant defenders, and rescue them from the gripe of famine: ye bulwarks, that oppose the inroads of the sea, quickly open it a passage at our command, and achieve the salvation of Leiden. Holland! the inundation which awaits thee, may cause thy temporary ruin: but woe to the Batavian who would hesitate to sacrifice every thing—to sacrifice himself—for the sake of co-operating with the magnanimous courage of those heroes, and participating in their immortal glory!—Unable to go in person to their assistance, I send them my brother and my son.—Do not, however, confine your valour within those walls, after you have repulsed the Spaniards from before them; but return to the defence of the fleet, which will ere-long be engaged in battle."

He said.—The hope and satisfaction which reign in his bosom have banished the deadly paleness from his cheek, given new animation to his languid eye, and diffused vivifying warmth through his veins. Lewis, Maurice, and the other chiefs, observe the happy change, and seem to experience, with him, a resurrection from the tomb. But, if they before wished to succour Leiden, they now wish it with an ardor which is impatient of the smallest delay. Lewis, Maurice, Saunoi, Boisot, immediately depart, accompanied by numerous cohorts inflamed with equal zeal and equal courage.

In Leiden, meanwhile, Famine continued to extend her ravages. A crowd of citizens, who, by their lurid paleness, might be mistaken for spectres returned from the realms below, assemble around the tombs: their trembling hands disturb the ashes and the repose of the dead, in search of an odious aliment; when, suddenly fancying they see the ghosts of their departed con-citizens arise, they start back with horror and affright: but these words seem to resound in their ears—"Cease to shudder: you do not violate the respect due to the dead: rather than surrender to the Spaniards, let our ashes serve you as food: let us thus live again in the persons of such undaunted patriots, and co-operate in the defence of these ramparts."

Shall the Muse relate the dire extremities to which part of the citizens of Leiden submitted, under the severe pressure of famine and un-

utterable despair? Shall she tell how a circle of assembled friends submitted to the determination of chance to decide which of them should be sacrificed, to furnish his war-mates with the means of prolonging, not so much their irksome lives, as their valour devoted to their country? That less horror may attend this violation of nature's laws, no relatives attend that sinister assembly: none there meets the eye of a father or a son: but they have not been able to exclude friendship—that friendship, which has sprung from the conformity of their sentiments, and the communion of their misfortunes. While they mutually avoid each other's looks, and their names are silently shaken in the urn of death, Orame, devoting himself a willing victim, draws a poignard, plunges it into his bosom, and falls bathed in blood. They utter a doleful cry, snatch the ensanguined steel from his breast:—but he is no more. Over his lifeless corse they swear to respect his remains, and commit them to the earth: they swear they will never suffer the Spaniard to triumph within their walls, or trample on the ashes of so magnanimous a citizen.

Who will believe to what lengths famine and vengeance drove the son of an inhabitant of Haerlem, who was among the defenders of Leiden's walls? His father's head, thrown over the rampart by the Spaniards, had fallen at his feet; and the sad spectacle haunts his eyes, wherever he turns his steps. Goaded by grief and revenge, he penetrates into the dungeons, seises a Spanish prisoner, and, in the alienation of his mind, exclaims—" Barbarian! was it not thou who sentest me that gory head?" He tears open the Spaniard's bosom, snatches out his heart—but suddenly dashing it to the ground, cries out " It is too bitter!"—His fellow-citizens avoid him with horror: he flies the fatal spot, and wishes to avoid himself.

But who can endure the sight of those afflicted mothers, whose exhausted breasts no longer furnish their natural aliment for their sucking babes? From their own veins they draw the little remaining blood which animates them, pour it into the mouths of their dying offspring, thus seeking to prolong the lives of their beloved children, whom they must soon follow to the grave.

An almost expiring crowd surrounds Douza. " Citizens!" says he, " let not your lips pronounce a disgraceful word: remember your oaths. Orame! Rosalinda! and you, gallant defenders of Haerlem! shall it be said that you have spilled your blood for a perfidious multitude, who would betray their country and your ashes? Leiden owes to the universe an immortal example. Henceforward let the Spaniard shudder to appear before our walls: let Tyranny tremble to attack the ramparts of Liberty."

Meantime, Alva, impatient to embark in the fleet of Bossut, who, after various conflicts in which victory had always been uncertain, is preparing to engage in mighty contest—Alva can no longer brook the obstacles by which the persevering resistence of Leiden retards his designs. Informed of the calamities under which the inhabitants groan, he determines to send them the words of peace. Accordingly a trumpet announces the approach of a herald; and Werf and Douza receive him at the city-gate.

" Unfortunate remains of so numerous a population!" says the messenger—" what blind obstinacy has possessed your souls? Your resistance is more than mortal. What

further objects can you have in view? Fear to irritate the fury of Alva! there are no obstacles which he cannot overcome: he will force his way into your ramparts; and then the most cruel of deaths will become the reward of your frantic valour. But, if you at length voluntarily open to him your gates, he will prove to you that his heart is not a stranger to clemency."

As the sole answer to this discourse, Douza points to the inscription on the monument erected in honor of the defenders of Haerlem. —The herald reads, bends his eyes to the ground, and retires.

"My friends!" says Werf—"you have heard his message. Are there any Batavians to be found among us, who will pronounce the odious word . . . . . . which my lips refuse to utter? If there be, let them step forward: our gates shall be thrown open for their exit; and let them no longer profane this spot by their presence."—The citizens flock in crowds to the ramparts, and unanimously exclaim—"Tyrants! we have each two arms remaining: we will feed upon the one, while, with the other, we continue to combat you."—This answer freezes with terror the hearts of the Spaniards.

At this instant appears the dove: by the fluttering of her wings and the rapidity of her flight, she attracts every eye: she descends from the lofty regions of air; Douza seises the palm-leaf from under her pinion, and reads aloud these words traced by William's hand—"Immortal Leiden, persevere; Nassau yet lives to succour thee!"—At these words the assembled multitude raise their eyes to heaven; and Hope brightens every countenance with her enlivening beam.

Meantime, Lewis and Boisot, glowing with martial ardor, land on the shore at the head of their cohorts lightly armed for the occasion, and pursue their march. At their voice, have assembled numerous ships ready to fly to the assistance of Leiden: all the cities have emulously devoted their treasures and their citizens to the achievement of the patriotic enterprise. The sons of Zealand present a spectable at once respectable and affecting: one is deprived of an arm; another treads with tottering step; all bear the scars of wounds, received either in the field of battle or in the defence of their dikes. Serenity, however, dwells on their brow: they forget their losses and sufferings; and, devoting to the preservation of Leiden whate'er remains to them of strength and life, they feel their bosoms still glow with unabated courage.

Lewis conducts them to the dikes which they are to break through. "Burst," says he, "these ancient bulwarks."—At this awful command, they start back in affright. Thus, in ancient days, the timid tenant of the hamlet, attempting to cut down the aged and respected oak, dropped his axe at the first blow, and fancied he beheld the inmate Dryad rush furious from the trunk of the shaken tree.—But Lewis animates his warriors, and with his own hand commences a breach in the dikes. Emboldened by his words and his example, all his followers imitate him: immediately the strong mounds are burst; and the Meuse and the Yssel pour their copious tides over the subjacent plains.

In the Spanish camp, Alva had proclaimed that this day should see the pride of Leiden humbled to the dust. Chiefs, soldiers, all resigned themselves to the joyous festivity of the banquet: to the hoarse rumbling of drums and martial thunders, succeeded the more grateful harmony of

trumpets and clarions. But, in the midst of their enjoyment, a tremendous roar is suddenly heard: the air is rent with lugubrious cries: the soldiers run to arms; but, at the sight of this new enemy, they betake themselves to flight. Meuse! and Yssel! who long murmured indignant in your deep beds on beholding the ravages of the Spaniards, and whose ensanguined streams more than once swelled to overpass the opposing dikes—on this day, more terrible than Simoïs and Scamander fighting in defence of Ilion, you rush irresistible through the plain, and, like them, obtain immortal renown. And thou, Rhine, so feeble at the termination of thy lengthened course, the Naiads, who supply thy stream from the distant Alps where towers the palace of Liberty, pour forth from their urns a more copious flood, to increase the rapidity of thy tide.

The terrified Spaniard beholds, through the lowring clouds, the gods of those rivers riding on the waves, and brandishing in their hands the destructive steel: he sees them, more terrible even than the bursting inundation, assailing and overwhelming whole batallions. Preceded by his furious billows, Ocanor advances to the shore: with his foot he stamps on the quaking ground: the tents are overturned: and, more impetuous than the mountain torrent which in its rapid course whirls along the trees and rocks, the waves sweep away the Spanish banners, and drag from their stations those formidable engines which threatened, by the thunder of their voice alone, to overthrow the walls of Leiden.

Lewis and his associate heroes, wafted in ships which seem endued with eagle wings, follow the impetuous inroads of the foamy deluge, encounter the enemy, and tinge it with black streams of hostile gore.

The dismayed Spaniards abandon in disorderly rout the fort which they had conquered, together with their own forts: all precipitately betake themselves to flight: some cast away their arms; others, wishing to preserve them to the last moment of their lives, struggle against the irresistible wave, until death relaxes their grasp, and wrests them from their hand.

Leiden herself is at first seised with equal terror, and dares not hope to escape the fury of this new tempest, added to so many scourges already inflicted on her. But soon she sees fighting in her defence the Meuse, the Yssel, the sea—and, like so many demi-gods, Lewis, Boisot, and their warrior train. Immediately she recognises the aid announced to her by William; and the joy which pervades the bosoms of her citizens, revives in them the expiring spark of life.

On a lofty eminence Alva assembles his consternated legions. There, boiling with rage, uncertain what victim he shall choose to appease his wrath, directing alternately his flaming eye toward the ramparts and toward his troops, he thus exclaims aloud—"Stop! cease to fly before those waters, which have already ceased to pursue your steps. Do they not evince the extremity to which yon city is reduced? Her warriors, no longer daring to try the event of battle, are determined to bury themselves in the waves, and call in the aid of that furious element, which will soon turn to their own destruction. Yes! their ruin is but protracted for a short period; and I swear by all the blood which I have shed in the field and on the scaffold, that, within few days, we shall, together with the sword, carry into Leiden sufficient fire to dry up that inundation."—At these words their terror is dissipated.

Meantime, however, the ships un-

der the command of Boisot, penetrating to the lake which extends toward the fort of Swieten, advance, loaded with the rich productions of the earth, and announce their approach by the loud voice of their brazen thunders. To favor their enterprise, the waves of the sea urge their impetuous course, and through the opened dikes roll their swelling tide over the level plains; while, from their rocky caverns beyond the bounds of the distant horizon, the winds rush in to their aid, swell their bellying sails, and rapidly waft the fleet to the foot of the ramparts.

Soon arrives one ship, more swift than the others—'tis The William, and it brings two Nassaus with the most valiant of their warriors. They enter the walls of Leiden: astonished at the drear silence which everywhere prevails, they fear that they have arrived too late. Wherever they direct their eyes, they behold only pallid spectres: but those spectres are revived by the appearance of their deliverers; and, amid the accents of death, is heard this joyful exclamation—"Leiden is rescued!" Less lively are the transports experienced by the man, who, condemned from his birth to the gloom of darkness, opens his eyes at the command of some beneficent angel, to view for the first time the glad beams of day.

Conducted by Douza and Werf, the inhabitants advance with languid step to hail their deliverers. Nutritious food and drink are distributed to them with prudent caution by Lewis, Maurice, and the other warriors who each moment arrive. Werf and Douza refuse to partake of these refreshments, until they have participated in the generous office of ministering to the wants of the citizens. In the name of his country, Lewis congratulates the chiefs and the whole body of inhabitants on their exalted courage: they, in turn, testify their lively gratitude to him and his warriors: and, from the general inspiration of their hearts, resound on every side songs, in which, without the studied regularity of order, the united expression of those different sentiments produces an affecting harmony, often interrupted by an eloquent silence, during which the soul speaks in the features, the looks, and the pleasing tears of joy, that succeed the bitter floods of sorrow.

Lewis and his warriors remain but a few hours in Leiden; and, the winds suddenly becoming favorable to their wishes, they haste to re-imbark, and return with their fleet to inform William and his army of the success of their enterprise.

At the moment when those succours were conveyed into the city, Alva, racked with deep despair, but disguising his agitation and his rage, prepares to retire with his army from before the walls of that unconquerable citadel, and revolves in his mind other projects of vengeance. As soon as the Spanish lines are abandoned, and their camp now remains an empty space, innumerable fires blazing in every quarter of Leiden, together with repeated peals from her brazen thunders, announce her deliverance, and the restoration of her citizens from death to life.

(*To be continued.*)

Switzerland, *as it was in* 1790.

(*Continued from page* 211.)

Letter X.

Lentzburg, on the road to Bern.

Here, in this little rural town, which has nothing else to recommend it than its tranquil stillness and unassuming mediocrity—which none of those luminaries of literature, to whom we are indebted for so many fine de-

scriptions of this country, have thought worthy even of a transient notice that might make it a partaker of their own immortality—here will I collect myself. If you are surprised at this, and laugh at the phlegmatic *sang-froid* with which I here remain, while other tourists, on the rapid wing of boundless expectation, haste to the Athens of Helvetium*—I reply to you, as the Roman did to the messengers of the senate, when they found him by his fire-side, "*Nam et hic dii sunt*†."

I have much to say to you—much in importance, I mean, not in quantity. But, first, you must attend me in going over the former ground anew. I am now prepared to maintain my late assertion, that commerce and extensive manufactures, especially the latter, are corruptive of morals, and injurious to population. I foresee that I shall find you also among the opponents of this opinion. Be it so!—In a contest with those who use such elegant weapons as you are wont to wield, your antagonist cannot fail to have his talents whetted, and his mind enlightened with additional knowledge.

That commerce and the thirst of accumulation narrow the heart, and, if they do not render the soul totally insensible to the sublime, the great, and the beautiful, at least diminish its capability of relishing them—that they tear asunder the bands which connect the individual with society, inasmuch as the love of gain teaches him to consider his own private advantage as an object of so high importance, that it must supercede every thing which is held most dear by moral, enlightened, and social man—is a pretty generally acknowledged truth. But how hideous the spectacle that would strike our eyes, if we could look into the brain and the heart of that man whose whole life is one continued scene of money-making, I need not suggest to *you*, who already are sufficiently acquainted with the secrets of the human breast. The ever-increasing and unquenchable thirst of gold must at length succeed in extinguishing that noble emulation by which a man is prompted to acquire honorable distinction, and eradicating from his bosom all other ambition than that of superior wealth. And it cannot otherwise happen than that the consequence must be that annihilation of all the finer feelings, that death of the soul, of which Sallust says, "*Vitam transeunt veluti pecora**."

Only cast your eyes around in the principal commercial cities of Europe, and see whether they do not contain a greater proportion of gold than of virtue, of avarice than of magnanimity, of epicurism than of temperance, of pride than of modesty, of dullness than of information, of error than of truth. However highly the English may be praised on the score of possessing cultivated and well-informed minds, it would nevertheless be easy to prove, that truth and virtue, arts and sciences, have degenerated among them in the same ratio as commerce has flourished, and enriched them with a tide of superfluous wealth. The gold of Peru and Mexico has operated the downfall of Spain†; and why should not the same metal, acquired in India by similar crimes, produce similar effects on the English? Believe me, my friend, the exertions of a nation

* Bern.

† For here too the Gods are present.

* They pass through life like the beasts of the field.

† Who, that contemplates the modern Spaniards, could suspect that their country had formerly given birth to a Lucan, a Martial, a Quintilian, a Lopez de Vega, and a Cervantes?

that strains every nerve to enrich herself at the expense of others, are commonly no better than so many steps toward her own decadency.

What literary characters, for instance, has England now to boast of, who may hope—I'll not say, to descend to posterity, but even to excite the admiration of their contemporaries? Can I not, for every single Englishman who stands distinguished in any department of literature—(be it remembered that I speak of the present day)—can I not, I say, produce six Germans equally eminent? In former times, when sense and knowledge were current among the English, gold was less common. In the days of the Shakspeares, the Miltons, the Lockes, the Newtons, the Humes, &c. the minister could not hope to obtain a loan of four-and-twenty millions sterling for the exigencies of a single campaign.

The English, notwithstanding their eager exertions to accumulate riches, notwithstanding their avarice, are yet thoroughly convinced that a superabundance of wealth is inimical to the cultivation of the mind, or (reversing the proposition) that a state of mediocrity is most friendly to the advancement of science: hence it is a common saying among them, that, "where money is scarce, learning is cheap." The truth of this remark is confirmed in a very striking manner in Scotland, whose inhabitants possess less money, but much more understanding, information, and learning, than their English neighbours: for I hardly need observe to you, that, among the learned men of Britain, those who have the most eminently distinguished themselves, especially in history and jurisprudence, and who by foreigners are reputed Englishmen, in reality owe their birth to Scotland. I need only mention a Hume, a Smollett, a Robertson, a Mansfield, to recall to your recollection the superiority of the less wealthy Scots over the English who swim in riches.

It is true, the English now place their countryman Gibbon by the side of Robertson. But no man, I presume, who is qualified to draw an accurate comparison between these two writers, and duly to appreciate their respective merits, will venture to promise to Gibbon so durable an existence in after-ages, as Robertson will undoubtedly enjoy. In point of philosophy and veracity—two very essential qualifications in a writer of history—surely Robertson cannot be deemed inferior to Gibbon. But I anticipate the reply—For style, for elegant captivating diction, and the divine harmony of his polished periods, the admirers of the English writer will place him above the Scottish historian. Now *I*, on the contrary, would not hesitate to predict that the very circumstance of that studied style, that musical phraseology, that enchanting harmony, will be the cause why the fame of Gibbon will not be so lasting as that of Robertson; and this for the following reasons—

That showy, glossy, high-wrought style of Gibbon, which every where betrays that the imagination of the writer was constantly strained to the utmost stretch on the rack of invention, is the surest proof of the decay of literature, and of the effects which luxury and epicurism have had in enervating the minds of the English; which not possessing sufficient energy or sufficient love of truth to pursue a regular chain of philosophic reasoning—their writers, if they wish to captivate their attention which is alive only to trifles, are obliged to call in the aid of an effeminately musical diction, so unlike the genuine language of philosophy,

The genius, the accuracy, the philosophic penetration of Gibbon, if stripped of the fascinating garb of his phraseology, would, among the present race of orientalised English, have been insufficient to procure him either a publisher or a reader. The rewards, which the modern English authors receive for their works, are dealt out to them, not in proportion to their merits—for who could, by that criterion, determine the reward due to a Gibbon?—but in proportion to the greater or lesser degree of gratification which they afford to the class of literary voluptuaries. Should ever a decrease of gold and luxury among the English be followed by a revival of their attention to literature, and awake their souls from their present profound lethargy, surely there can be nothing more certain than that they will first of all consign to oblivion those writings which contain so many humiliating memorials of the effeminacy of their predecessors.

'Tis fortunate for us Germans, that we still possess sufficient energy of mind to relish the profound, the strong sense of a Kant, concisely expressed in his manly philosophic language. From the moment when that Gibbonish style begins to prevail among us, we may consider our mental faculties as fast sinking into a deep lethargic torpor.

But I had nearly forgotten that it was of the Switzers, not of the English, that I was to speak to you: to the former, therefore, I now return.

How great the injury which the manners of the Switzers have sustained from the manufactures carried on in the country, has already been so ably demonstrated by other writers who have preceded me, that I am not vain enough to make any addition to their remarks. Let me, however, recall your attention to the facility with which money is acquired—to the continual intermixture of the two sexes in the work-rooms of most manufactories, which is so utterly incompatible with decency—to the intimate intercourse and dealings between the inhabitants of the country and those of the town, and the consequent familiarity of the former with the luxuries of the latter—to the antipathy which the manufacturer feels against the more fatiguing and more useful labors of the field—to his inclination for extravagance, sensuality, and debauchery, the usual concomitants of rapid gain. Add to all this, that the most licentious class of men, and the most prone to tumult and sedition, are generally found among the workmen in manufacturing towns. Those of Birmingham, Manchester, Sheffield, Nottingham, and Leeds, give more trouble to the British ministry in times of public commotion, than all the rest of the three kingdoms. A small number of silk-weavers, who live in a particular district of London known by the name of 'Spital-fields, have more than once thrown that city into confusion, and have, on all occasions, shown themselves most ready to join in every disturbance. Geneva—the seat of mechanic arts and ingenuity, and the object of envy to so many manufacturing towns—is rent by revolutions, insurrections, and civil broils.

These observations have doubtless occurred to you as well as to me, and will have due weight in convincing you of the pernicious influence of manufactures on the morals of a nation. Exclusive of this general conviction which they have effected in my mind, they have moreover, with respect to the canton of Zurich, led me to entertain the idea, that, in a free state like this, whose aggregate population does not exceed a hundred

and seventy thousand souls, a mass of sixty or seventy thousand common workmen, prone to debauchery, intemperance, and riot, are a very dangerous body of men—so dangerous, indeed, that its daily increase is not easily reconcilable with the boasted wisdom of the government of Zurich.

And now let me add a few words respecting the influence of manufactures on population.

It is a pretty generally received, though mistaken notion, that trade and manufactures promote population. This prejudice has taken its rise from the great conflux of foreign traders and mechanics who crowd to a commercial and manufacturing country. It is all life and motion: and, where life and motion exist, we think ourselves authorised to conclude that the population must of course be great. But, when we consult the bills of mortality in manufacturing towns, we find that the number of deaths considerably surpasses that of the births*. The decrease, however, is the less perceptible, because the influx of strangers continues undiminished, and because the mortality chiefly takes place among the laboring class, who are seldom seen in the streets, consequently less liable to be missed—and who, by their sedentary habits of life, by the impure and unwholesome air which they inhale in their workshops, and by the irregularity of their living, fall victims to the sordid interest of a few gold-thirsty traders and manufacturers. I shall, in this instance, confine my remarks to Zurich, and compare its population in former times when its manufactures were yet in their infancy, with that of the present day, when its trade and manufactures have reached their zenith*.

In the year 1529, the inhabitants of the canton of Zurich amounted to seventy-six thousand, two hundred, and twenty-nine. The reformation had so beneficial an influence on the population of the canton, that, in less than a century, it was nearly doubled; since we find, that, in 1610, it was already increased to a hundred and forty-three thousand, nine hundred, and ninety souls. But, at that period, commerce, manufactures, and the mechanic arts, were little cultivated. It was not till the latter half of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century that they assumed a flourishing appearance; and we may venture to assert that they have now attained their highest grade of perfection. Now, if it were an established truth that trade and manufactures are conducive to population, that of the canton of Zurich ought, at this rate, to have amounted, on a very moderate computation, to five hundred and sixteen thousand, one hundred, and thirty-nine souls in the year 1790—I say "a very moderate computation;" for, if we were to calculate with greater nicety than I have thought necessary for my purpose, it ought to have been six hundred thousand; whereas it is well known that the canton does not at present contain above a hundred and seventy thousand inhabitants. If I were even to allow that epidemic diseases, dearths, famines, and emigrations, had, during the last and the present century, deprived the state of a hundred and forty thousand individuals—which, however, is far from being the case—even on this supposition, the number of the people, if the increase had continued in the same proportion as between the

* In the canton of Zurich in particular, this melancholy truth has been confirmed by the experience of many years.

* In the following statements, I take Waser's tables for my guide.

years 1529 and 1610, ought still to amount to three hundred and seventy-six thousand, one hundred, and thirty-nine: and if we were to admit the assertion that extensive trade and manufactures promote population, the number ought to be still greater; for the calculations from which this conclusion is drawn, are suited to a simple and uncommercial, not to a rich and manufacturing, state. But the increase of manufactures, of riches, and of luxury, is so far from proving its beneficial influence on population, at least in the canton of Zurich, that this state, instead of three hundred and seventy-six thousand, one hundred, and thirty-nine inhabitants, contains in the whole only one hundred and seventy thousand.

I am well aware that some people will endeavour to prove the impossibility of such a progressive increase, from the limited dimensions of the canton. They will allege that the superficial extent of its territory would hardly be sufficient for so prodigious a mass of people. I am willing to allow this objection its due weight: but I must not be expected to grant that the canton, at its present number, has reached the *ne-plus-ultra* of its population. It would be difficult to prove, that a state which contains a hundred and seventy thousand inhabitants, might not as well contain two hundred thousand, or more. The objection, moreover, cannot overthrow the truth of my remark, that the increase between the years 1610 and 1790, when trade and manufactures were in a flourishing state, bears no proportion to that between 1529 and 1610, when they were inconsiderable: for, between the years 1529 and 1610, the population of the state gained an accession of sixty-seven thousand, seven hundred, and sixty-one souls; whereas, from 1610 to 1790 — a more than double period of time—the whole increase of the people amounted only to twenty-six thousand and ten.

I leave it to the advocates of manufactures to account for this *deficit*, which is so contrary to their theory: and, until those gentlemen shall have convinced me that the *population* of a state can increase at the same time that its *numbers* diminish, I must ascribe the present striking *deficit* to the want of fresh pure air, to inactive sedentary confinement, to the eating of over-rich and heavy food, to the use of coffee, brandy, and other heating liquors, to intemperance, and all the long list of excesses, which are inseparable from superfluous wealth and luxury. Adieu!

(*To be continued.*)

Deposition *of the late* King *of* Sweden.

The following account of the extraordinary revolution, by which the late king was divested of his authority, and probably destined to pass the remainder of his days in private life, is taken from a work, entitled "An Historical Sketch of the last Years of the Reign of Gustavus the IVth." translated from the Swedish.

On the evening of the 6th of February, 1809, it was resolved, that the king should be arrested on the 8th. The spot, chosen for the purpose, was opposite to a tavern, in the street through which the king usually passed a little after two o'clock in the afternoon, on his way from the palace of Stockholm to Haga, where he generally resided, even in winter, from a disgust which he had conceived for the capital. This intention was kept secret from the person who objected to so early a day, but it was agreed to abide by his advice in every subsequent transaction.

Just at this time, an officer arrived from the western army, with a manifesto to the leaders of the revolution in Stockholm. All was now prepared, and the different parts in this great drama were assigned to proper actors. The king was to be conveyed to the fortress of Vaxholm, the garrison of which should be relieved by a troop of the guards from Stockholm. A solemn oath was taken, that nothing should be attempted against the life of the king, but that every respect should be shown him consistent with safety and prudence. The regiment of curassier life-guards was informed of the projected revolution, and prepared to assist in its execution. When the king should be arrested, one of the principal conspirators, accompanied by a squadron, was to march up to the court of the palace, to wait the orders of his royal highness the duke; while some men of the highest authority, should endeavour, in the name of their country, to persuade his royal highness to accept of the government, under the title of protector, until the states of the kingdom should be assembled. In the mean time, it was agreed, that no meetings should be held, no conversation permitted which might betray the conspiracy; but that every one should anxiously attend to the part assigned to him, and expect in silence the moment of action.

Circumstances occurred, which obliged the conspirators (at the head of whom was Baron Adlercreutz) to delay the execution of their project, and the western army, which had been persuaded to adopt the cause of the revolutionists, advanced in the mean time towards Stockholm.

On Sunday, the 12th of March, an extra post arrived with the proclamation which they had issued, and a full account of their proceedings. The king was panic struck. In the afternoon, he went from Haga to Stockholm; and as soon as he entered the palace, the gates were shut, guards were placed at the different entrances of the town, who were commanded strictly to examine every person who entered, and allow no one to leave Stockholm. In the evening, an account of the approach of the western army was sent to all the public establishments. The night was passed in dispatching the most contradictory orders. All the great officers of state, were ordered to repair to Nyköping. The military were to depart from Stockholm, and one of the German regiments, with some artillery, was destined to oppose the western army. Baron Rozenblad, secretary of state, was called from his bed, and ordered to raise as much money as he could, by the sale of bills on England, and he in vain represented, that at such an hour no business of that kind could be transacted. The commissioners of the bank were commanded to assemble at seven o'clock in the morning, and the proper officers were ordered to use every effort to collect the greatest possible number of horses.

Baron Adlercreutz judged, that the eventful moment was arrived. He sent to desire those who were stationed at the gates, and other parts of the palace, to be watchful on their posts, and having assembled a number of officers, he entered the king's room. When the door opened, the king seemed surprised, and the baron approached his majesty, and began to address him. He said, "that the public mind was in the utmost irritation from the unfortunate circumstances of the country, and particularly from his majesty's intended departure from Stockholm: that the higher officers of state, and of the military, and the most re-

spectable citizens had encouraged him to represent the consequences to his majesty, for which purpose"— The king here interrupted the baron, loudly exclaiming " Treason! you are all corrupted, and shall be punished!" The baron answered calmly, " We are no traitors, but wish to save your majesty, and our country." The king immediately drew his sword, and the baron rushed upon him, and seized him round the waist, while Colonel Silversparre took the sword from his majesty. The king then vociferated, " They are going to murder me, help! help!" They endeavoured to re-assure the king, and he promised to be more composed, if they would return his sword, a request which they endeavoured to evade, and when the king obstinately insisted upon it, he was told, that in this respect he could not be gratified, nor be permitted any more to interfere in the management of the kingdom.

His majesty's outcries had alarmed some of the body-guard, who had just arrived, and servants of the palace, who endeavoured to force open the door, but not being able to succeed, they broke the upper pannel with pokers and their sabres. At this moment, Baron Adlercreutz commanded the door to be opened, and rushed into the middle of the crowd, seized a sabre from an hussar, snatched from the adjutant-general his staff of office, and holding it up before him, said, that he now considered himself as adjutant-general, and in that capacity, commanded the guards immediately to retire. After some hesitation, this command was obeyed, and several officers who were not in the conspiracy, were put under arrest. The baron then ascended to the room where the guards usually assembled, where he found a considerable number of them astonished at the events of the morning. The baron assured them, that the king's person was not in the smallest danger, and, that nothing more was intended than to save the country from ruin. He conjured them, therefore, as they should answer to God and their country, not to attempt any thing which might occasion bloodshed, and endanger the life of the king. The guards, notwithstanding this address, seemed quite undetermined how to act, and in such circumstances, hesitation was undoubtedly excusable. But the baron again assuring them of the purity of his intentions, the safety of the king, and the folly of resistance, they were persuaded to remain tranquil. Proper regulations were then made for the order and security of the capital. The citizens mounted guard at the bank and public offices, and the streets were kept quiet by patroles of the burgher cavalry and cuirassiers, who had orders not to molest any person who was not openly riotous. While the baron was thus employed, the king intreated to be spared the mortification of seeing the officers who had been concerned in his arrest, and whom the baron had left with him to secure his person. These officers retired, therefore, and Counts Ugglas and Strömfelt, were sent in to his majesty, to remain with him, and endeavour to tranquillize him. By some means, the king had unperceived, drawn General Count Strömfelt's sword from the scabbard, and when the general missed his sword, which the king carried naked in his hand, and intreated to have it returned, his majesty answered, that " the general was just as good a general, as he a king, without a sword." Baron Adlercreutz had at this moment returned to the king's anti-chamber, and being informed

of what had happened, he saw the necessity of having some officers in the room with the king, as a guard upon him: he therefore appointed two, and was on his way into the room with them. The king through the door, which the guards had demolished, saw the baron advancing, and immediately escaped through the opposite door, which had been left unguarded, and locked it on the outside. The danger, which might arise from the king's escape, animated the exertions of the baron, who leaped against the door, burst it open, and ran in pursuit of the king. In the next room, there is a spiral stair-case open all round, which ascends to the floor above. The baron, when he entered the room, perceived on the last step, the king, who threw in the baron's face a large bunch of keys, and immediately disappeared. The king had so much the advantage, that when the baron arrived at the top of the spiral stairs, the king was no where to be seen. But, by accident, he took the same road as the king, and meeting some servants in his way, he was directed by them in his pursuit; but he reached the court of the palace without having seen his majesty. The king, in the mean time, had been so precipitate in his endeavour to escape, that he fell in the stair, and hurt his arm severely.

When the king's escape was discovered, the greatest confusion and dismay prevailed among the authors of the revolution, and the most terrible consequences were apprehended, every stair was crowded with people descending to the court of the palace, to endeavour to intercept his majesty's flight. Greiff, keeper of the king's game, had precipitately descended the great stair, and was the first who reached the court, and perceived the king with his sword in his hand, making towards the only gate which had been left open. As soon as Greiff overtook him, the king made a violent push at him, but with so tremulous and unsteady an aim, that the sword passed up the sleeve of Greiff's coat, only slightly wounding him. His sword being thus entangled, his breath gone, and his strength exhausted, the king was easily overpowered. Many had now come to Greiff's assistance, and the king, either unwilling to walk, or unable to support himself, was carried up stairs, and, by his own desire, taken into the white room. He was there set down upon the chair nearest the door, and exactly opposite to the portrait of the late unfortunate Queen of France, Marie Antoinette. The king, exhausted with his exertions, and disordered with indignation and disappointment, remained quiet the whole day. Tranquillity was easily preserved in the capital, not the slightest displeasure was testified by the people, and the play was attended in the evening by an unusual number of spectators.

'Perhaps,' says the author, 'no revolution which intended the destruction of despotism, ever was effected with so much facility. No tumult ensued, no blood was shed in any part of the kingdom, and it may be considered as a strong proof, that the king had personally become a superfluous member of the society, when no pang was felt in the separation.'

The Adopted Child.

(*Continued from page* 377.)

Though Lord Delafonte still preserved his distant gravity towards her, he had often reflected on the agony which she discovered, on the morning of her illness.—He justly

concluded that some secret mystery lurked beneath her apparently reluctant acquiescence—but he still condemned her for marrying a man, whom he knew that she must despise.

The marchioness too, with silent reserve, avoided all private conversation with her—yet her compassionate mind, felt for the anguish she evidently sustained; she strove, however, to conceal it.—She longed to develope the enigma of her conduct—and she beheld the hated preparations with mingled scorn and sorrow.

Mrs. Montague, unable to witness a ceremony, which secured everlasting misery to her darling daughter, had left Ormville some weeks, but promised to visit it again, when Marina became Lady Macduff.

Lady Delafonte anticipated with delight the hour, when the jealousy of Macduff would secure the beauty of Marina from the gaze of an admiring world.

The exultation of Macduff was but too visible.—The beauty, whom he idolized, would now soon be in his possession.—He should excite the envy of mankind, and his ambition would be amply gratified. Steptoe had been commissioned to discharge his two mistresses, while he studiously sought to recommend himself to the favor of Marina.—His vitiated mind admitted no distinctions of refined partiality—she was beautiful, and he adored her.—As to her dislike, he considered it a womanish caprice, which marriage would obliterate; and he looked forward to the period with all the ardour of a man, who is on the point of embracing a new mistress.

The last evening came which was destined to close on Lady Marina Mervil.—She had sustained her feelings with fortitude, till this trying hour; but when she retired to her room, and beheld the beauteous orb of night, darting her silver rays through her dreary apartment:—"Thy friendly beams," she softly cried, "shall guide me, for the last time, to that loved form, which honor henceforth forbids me to contemplate."

Wrapped in a robe of white muslin, her lovely tresses flowing in loose disorder, she stole softly along, like some beauteous spirit winging her way from the etherial regions.—As she entered the lengthened gallery, the vaulted roof echoed to her gentle footsteps; but female timidity was, at this moment, superceded by the bitterness of internal anguish.—The solemnity of antiquity was heightened by the sombre shade, reflected on the stern visages of these ancient heroes, from the full orbed moon, which stole through the lofty trees, that surrounded the turrets of the gallery.—Even these gigantic warriors, whose ponderous arms such muscular forms could alone sustain, became the objects of her envy.—They had run their course of glory, and were sleeping in peace within their silent tombs—while she, whose mild and gentle spirit would not have injured the buzzing fly, was on the eve of suffering the most exquisite torture, a delicate mind could feel—the misery of being consigned to the arms of a man, whom she despised.—Yet she felt a secret satisfaction glow within her heart, when she reflected that this sacrifice would be productive of an event, which her beloved parent died to purchase.

"Ah!" she exclaimed "could I bear to hear her virtuous name traduced, branded with infamy, while I possessed the power to rescue it

from opprobrium!—Forbid it, thou benign spirit, who wilt alone witness the agony of my soul!"

She drew near the picture of Colonel Mervil—she raised her weeping eyes to take a last farewell—a lengthened sigh burst from her bosom, as she stood mournfully gazing on the animated likeness.—The sound of restrained respiration alarmingly roused her; she turned to see whence it came—and beheld the marchioness, seated on that spot where they had often conversed together.

She threw herself at her feet, embraced her knees, and implored her, in the piercing accents of wild despair, to restore the friendship she had lost.

The mournful apostrophé of Marina had penetrated to her heart—it brought conviction to her mind—and she seemed now only solicitous to repair, by soothing consolation, the injustice she had been guilty of.—Delicacy forbade her to inquire a full explanation of that conduct, which had hitherto excited her wonder;—and she strove, by administering the balm of commiseration, to soften the pangs of Marina's wounded spirit. When the latter appeared more tranquillized, she thus continued—

"You are unhappy, my daughter; but you possess the healing application of conscious rectitude, to soften the corrosives of unmerited affliction.—I also have tasted the bitter portion of sorrow. You were surprised at my distress, when I heard that there yet existed some remains of Colonel Mervil. I will disclose to you the source of my perturbation.—Mine are the sorrows of a too susceptible heart, which deservedly suffered the miseries of its own creation.

"I lost my mother when an infant; but her loss was almost adequately supplied by the tenderness and care of Lady Darnley.—Our families were inseparable. My infant mind experienced all the affection which fraternal sympathy inspires for Lady Delafonte, and her brothers; but the youngest was ever more particularly the object of my regard.—My little store was always open to assist his generous donations to the wandering beggar; and I thought myself amply repaid by his unwearied attention to my childish diversions.—I loved him with the fondness of a sister; and he would often declare to me, I was as dear to him as his own Lucy.

"Lord Arnon was not destitute of merit; but he regarded the virtues of his brother with a jaundiced eye.—They differed as much in sentiment as in character; and this perpetual opposition terminated in a resolution of Lord Darnley's to separate them for a few years.—Lord Arnon went to Oxford—and Mr. Mervil to Lisle.—They each returned home at the expiration of twenty months, with the same opposition of character, but a greater union of sentiment; for a mildness of temper and deep reflection effected in the one, what cautious prudence dictated to the other.—Lord Arnon's unconquerable aversion to his brother nothing but abject submission on his part could subdue—and the spirit of Mervil, nobly independent, scorned to conciliate that favor, which fraternal affection refused.—His mother died—and his father was governed by his brother. His home became unpleasant—he solicited a commission, and desired to be sent abroad.—Never shall I forget the hour, at which he took leave of his sister and me. In this apartment we separated; and the anguish I expressed drew tears of pity from his generous heart.

—He soothed me with every tender epithet of friendship, and regard.—He departed—and from that moment my peace was destroyed.—I nourished the secret poison in my breast, nor imparted my feelings even to his sister.—At length my father proposed the union of our families.—I made choice of Mr. Mervil.—The proposals were dispatched to him at Jamaica: but his answer completed my confusion and despair. Yet I had not any thing to accuse him of. Friendship was all he had ever professed.—Happy Miss Harrison! She possessed a treasure more valuable than mines of gold.—Lord Darnley was outrageous.—Lord Arnon added fuel to the flame.—The total renunciation of Mr. Mervil was the unhappy consequence of the conflagration which I had raised; and which my feeble efforts now strove in vain to extinguish.—My father was bent upon marrying me to one of Lord Darnley's sons.—It had been his favorite project for upwards of twenty years—and as I had constantly endeavoured to soften the anger of Lord Darnley against his younger son, by avering that I was not particularly interested in the event, they proposed Lord Arnon to me. My father on his knees entreated me to accept him. The Earl of Darnley protested that nothing else could induce him to pardon Mr. Mervil's marriage with Miss Harrison.—Lady Delafonte entreated me, for the sake of her beloved brother, to comply. I yielded—and it is now sixteen years since I became the wife of your father—but alas! my applications to attain the promised pardon came too late. The repenting father and the affectionate sister lived not to impart the desired blessing.

"I was at Lisbon with my father when the news of Colonel Mervil's death reached us. The tears I shed in secret for this invaluable friend, were many and bitter.—I have frequently inquired after his widow; but alas! the intelligence I received from your father ill accords with your interesting account of her. I will not, therefore, pain you by repeating it. I am satified that he was misinformed, and I shall, as early as possible after your marriage, use my endeavours to restore her virtues to the world."

Marina wept at the marchioness's recital.—They conversed together till the rays of Cynthia beamed with faint retiring light, then separated with mutual regret; and Marina, reinstated in the friendship of the marchioness, felt some portion of her sorrow removed.

The morning came too soon.—The sun withdrew its cheering influence; and the dark melancholy clouds hung in the lowering heavens teeming with copious streams, which descended in torrents on the half-deluged plains, as if in pity to the sacrifice they were going to witness. The winged choiristers sought refuge beneath their leafy sheds. The lowing herds stood dejected under their verdant coverts. The half-drowned peasants, cold and comfortless, crowded within the tents, and murmured at their grievous disappointment. No jocund sounds assailed their ear. Within the spacious mansion all was alike silent, dreary, and mournful.

The marquis was evidently distressed—the marchioness proudly silent—the Manbys inanimate, and dull—Lady Marina the emblem of patient resignation—Lord Delafonte grave and thoughtful—his Lady *ennuyé*—and Lord Macduff alone, of the whole party, betrayed one symptom of pleasure. He was all incoherent rapture—odiously fond, and ridiculously insignificant. As the carriages drove through the Lodge gate.

Mary, shaking the water from her straw hat, said to John—

"Lard, Jan, didst ever see such a wedding-day?—Why, Lard, mun; not one of the fine gentlevolk had a smile on their feaces."

"Ah," said John, "mark my words, Mary—it'll be a sad job on't.—I hard strange noises at the grut house last night.—There was a death watch behind my bed—old Jowler howled, and the owls screeched from yon tree."

"And yet, Jan, what can rich volk hae to make 'em miserable?—In my mind, all we want in this world is a little meat, and a drap of good drink—and they, you know, can never want for that.—And then, to hae a carriage in their old age to haul 'em about.—Lard, Jan!—if thee an I could but ride the rest of our lives, how happy we should be!"

"Thee ta'kest just like an auld fool," said John. "Rich volk hae wants that thee and I knaws nothing about.—If they hae yet nothing else to make 'em miserable, they torment 'emselves wi their own thoughts.—Lard mun, they'll pine an fret about nothing at all."

"Lard, Jan, why thee dost know now I never fretted in all my born days, but when I thought as how thee woulds'nt hae I."

Happy was the philosophy of John, and Mary.—They could never have comprehended how any lady could dislike marrying a rich lord.—They had no conception of those pungent feelings, which overpowered the mind of Marina as she approached the sacred altar.—The ceremony began—the last words died on her ear, when a hollow groan from a distant part of the church concluded the period, and Marina fainted in the arms of Lord Delafonte.—"What sound was that?" said the agitated bridegroom. "It is the echo of Rosaline!" answered the marchioness, as she followed the senseless Marina, who was supported in the arms of Lord Delafonte, to their carriage. The commencement and conclusion of Lady Macduff's bridal day were equally melancholy. She only recovered from successive faintings, to behold the distressing malady of her maternal friend the marchioness, who was that evening seised with a paralytic stroke, and, for several weeks, the recovery of her intellects, as well as life, was totally despaired of.—For seven tedious weeks Domville Park was a scene of woe—the ninth elapsed, and a difficult articulation awakened hope in every breast. She spoke—and joy once more revisited the bosom of Marina.—Her first words, though feebly articulated, were those of affectionate solicitude, lest her constant anxiety should have injured her health. The dew of death had meliorated the acrimony of her dislike to Macduff.—She exhorted Marina, as her lot was irrevocable, to bear it with resignation and fortitude.

(*To be continued.*)

Henry the eighth, and Francis the first of France, were both princes of a very warm temper, and the former having a design of sending an angry message to the latter, pitched on Sir Thomas More, his chancellor, for the messenger. Sir Thomas, having received his instructions, told Henry, that he feared, if he carried such a message to so violent a man as Francis, it might cost him his head. "Never fear, man," said the king, "If Francis were to cut off your head, I would make every Frenchman now in my power a head shorter."—"I am much obliged to your majesty," replied the facetious chancellor: "but I much doubt whether any of their heads would fit my shoulders."

POETRY.

On PEACE.

FROM the caverns of Death, the dark realms of Despair,
Where Sorrow eternally reigns,
Where the snake-braided fiends, as they skim through the air,
Pierce all hell with the din of their chains;
In crimson array fled the demon of Fate,
And proclaim'd to a terrified world
That War, the insatiate offspring of Hate,
Had her blood-sprinkled banners unfurl'd.

To the earth she announc'd, from her pestilent breath,
That its bowels with gore should be drench'd;
The sceptre of Peace be usurp'd by grim Death,
Nor the wild-fire of Discord be quench'd:
With aspect malignant she glanc'd all around,
Where Tranquillity held his mild reign;
Decreed that War's victims should cover the ground,
And Famine make steril the plain.

From the sentence fair Commerce retreated, dismay'd,
With tears her sad fate to deplore,
Clew'd the sails, which o'er ocean she proudly display'd,
And clung to Britannia's lov'd shore:
To thee, she exclaim'd, I resign my domain,
Thy thunders shall sweep o'er the seas,
Thy prowess undaunted chase War's hideous train
From the gentle dominions of Peace.

From her myrtle-girt throne Mercy, bending her eye,
View'd the havoc of slaughter and rage;
And, by Pity inspir'd, resolv'd with a sigh
The wide-wasting flame to assuage;
To the earth from the skies sent her olive-crown'd dove
To spread the glad tidings below;
Bound Contention in fetters of Friendship and Love,
And silenc'd the throbbings of Woe.

On the deeds of the brave, who from battle return,
Fame through ages with rapture shall dwell,
While the Genius of Britain, still clasping the urn,
Sheds a tear o'er the heroes that fell.
Long may Freedom dispense, with a bountiful hand,
Her blessings on this her lov'd isle—
Long may Plenty luxuriant gladden the land,
And the sweet cherub Peace ever smile!

H. B.

The POET'S CHOICE.

By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

SOME poets fondly pour their ardent theme
To war, and all its sanguine rites unblest;
Some steel-clad hero fills their fervid dream,
Whose boasted prowess robs the world of rest!

Dazzled by glory's unsubstantial name,
The poet praises where no praise was due;
Forms for that brow a laurel-wreath of fame,
Where justice would have twin'd a wreath of yew.

I envy not the hero fame thus gain'd;
Nor yet the poet's highly-polish'd verse,
Where lexicons of all their pomp are drain'd,
Such deeds of val'rous horror to rehearse.

Be mine, if poesy can e'er be mine,
A softer theme than war or glory gives,
A wreathof simple blossoms let me twine,
But never falsely praise one soul that lives.

All-lovely Nature! thy bright charms I own,
Thine are the beauties I would wish to paint;
But I possess not pow'rs to make them known,
And all my colors would with thine be faint.

But when gay spring revives each sleeping flow'r,
And wakes the world to loveliness and bloom;
When melody is heard in ev'ry bow'r,
And Nature bursts with joy from winter's tomb;
Who would be mute, that had a tongue to speak;

Who would be dumb that had a voice to sing;
What bard be silent, though his lays were weak
To hail the soul-reviving joys of spring?

Or when warm summer forms the fairest fruit,
When rip'ning corn is seen on ev'ry plain;
Who then, oh! let me ask, would dare be mute,
Nor praise the pow'r who saves from want's sad pain.

Still more when yellow autumn comes serene,
To close with plenteous hand the sinking year;
When corn is hous'd, and village matrons glean
A little hoard, to save from famine's fear.—

Still more, I say, it is our duty then,
In praise-form'd themes, address'd to Mercy's throne,
To show that gratitude is still 'mongst men;
The best of feelings lowly men can own.

Lines

On seeing a very aged Man, who had once been respectably situated in life, but who from unavoidable misfortunes had been compelled to accept of a residence in an alms-house, and live on charity.

The aged man of misery and want,
When sunk by sad calamity to ask
From those, perhaps, who once look'd up to him,
The home of Charity, and scant relief,
Is sure an object worthy Pity's sigh!
Just such a man I late beheld. He came
With trembling step, and drooping head, to see
The son of one, who was his earliest friend:
I long had miss'd him, and could never trace
The residence the humble man had sought.
I thought him dead, and when his face I saw,
And press'd his hand, I felt the joy we feel
At meeting with a friend we deem'd no more.—
But, oh! that joy was short!—For when he told,
In accents tremulous from grief and age,
His tale of woe, I found that life to him,
Was but one scene of undivided care!
His wreck of fortune lost; his friends all dead,
("All gone before me," were his bitter words)
No relative, not one to cheer his gloom,
Ill health and age his only partners now,
I inly felt that joy was not for him.
Still, as he spoke of better days gone by,
In one short moment would his quiv'ring lip
And tearful eye give place unto a smile:
That smile how transient! For his very joys
Were scarcely ever thought of but with tears!
His heart was full, too full for many words,
I would have ask'd him more, but did not dare;
His feelings were too much for him—and mine
Almost too much for me.
Departing soon,
I led him to the door; and as I press'd
His feeble hand—by heav'n I name it not
In ostentatious mood, or hope of praise—
I plac'd a trifle in the poor man's palm:
"I did not come for this," he instant cried:
I knew he did not, but could answer none;
I turn'd away in silence, yet I felt
An inward something, sweeter than the words
Of studied eloquence, and fancied grace.
This man, and such as he, I've often thought,
Are worthy Charity's exalted boon.
I am an enemy to all the tribe
Of whining beggars, who with ready phrase
Salute the passenger, and oft obtain
By perseverance, what had been refus'd
To one, whose tear-swoln eye, and bended form
In silence supplicated for relief.

J. M. Lacey.

Impromptu,

Addressed to a Youth who had shot a Thrush, January 26, 1814.

Why shoot that thrush? Could not thy thoughtless mind
Suggest some pastime, innocent, unsullied,
To speed youth's frolic hour? Sure, twas enough
That hoary Janus, with his freezing breath,
Benumb'd its frame;—that want, pale meagre want
Threaten'd to waste it with her greedy fang,

Till life's faint beam was quench'd in endless night:
But thou, unfeeling youth, worst foe of all,
Must rob a harmless songster of existence,
Whose death could profit nothing.
Know, there's a pow'r, who dwells above yon stars,
Whose brightest dearest attribute is mercy.—
He bends his notice to the veriest worm
That crawls the earth; for he created it;
And will not hold him blameless, who presumes,
In wantonness and sport, e'en to bereave
An insect of its being.—

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

REST.

THE peasant, as he tills the soil,
By Labour's weight oppress'd,
With transport eyes the setting sun,
And hails the hour of rest.

The sailor, though he reckless steers
To north, south, east or west,
Exulting marks the fav'ring gale,
That wafts to port of rest.

The soldier too, undaunted, oft
By hostile legions press'd—
The vict'ry won—full deeply sighs
For peace, soft scene of rest.

The Christian, tir'd of life's vain joys,
By sin and pain distress'd,
With rapture greets the stroke of fate,
And mounts to realms of rest.

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

LOVE.

WHEN Love assails the peasant's breast
A long adieu to balmy rest,
Till Mary deigns to smile;
One fav'ring glance from the dear maid
Can sunshine spread though darkest shade,
And all his griefs beguile.

O Love! what magic dwells in thee?
O who would sigh for liberty
When bound by thy soft chain?
Fair Hope and all her sylphs combine
With Fancy, fairy wreaths to twine
To crown thy gentle reign.

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

JEPHTHAH.

WHEN Israel's valiant Chief arose
To quell his proud rebellous foes,
What pious ardor fill'd his breast!
His soul, with anxious hopes possess'd,
What noble resolution fir'd!
What holy pride his heart inspir'd,
While, waiting for his dread command,
His warlike troops around him stand!
But first to God for help he flies:
He lifts to Heav'n his ardent eyes,
"O Lord of Host!" (thus Jephthah prays,)
"To thee my humble voice I raise.
Vouchsafe to be our guiding star,
And lead my chosen troops to war:
And when, through thine all-pow'rful aid
This arm in dust thy foes hath laid,
When the fierce battle's rage shall cease,
And I return again in peace,
Whatever first attracts mine eyes,
To thee, my God, I'll sacrifice.
While here before thy throne I bow,
Accept, O God! this sacred vow."
He rose, with pious confidence
In great Jehovah, his defence.
He gives the word: "Yourselves prepare,
Ye valiant troops, to march to war!"
At once, they lift the shining spear
At once, the streaming banners rear
From Mizpeh's vale, they onward pass,
Till Ammon's haughty sons they face:
There, through the strength of God most high,
They force the conquer'd foe to fly.
With dreadful slaughter they pursue,
And all their enemies subdue,
From proud Aroer's wide domains,
As far as Minnith's fruitful plains.
Now from the field the victors turn,
And leave the vanquish'd foe to mourn,
But, ere the conquerors reach their home,
The great the joyful news had come
To Jephthah's house. With joy's warm tears
His daughter the glad tidings hears.
She lively, innocent, and young,
Attended by a num'rous throng
Of Israel's maids, her choicest friends,
To meet her valiant father bends.
They meet: but oh! what horror fills
The father's soul! His bosom thrills
With deepfelt grief; his only child,
Who all his cares and pains beguil'd—
His child her guiltless head must bow,
For sacred is the dreadful vow.
While dire emotions fill'd his breast
He trembling thus the maid address'd:
"Alas! my daughter! hast thou, then,
Made me the most distress'd of men,
With tort'ring anguish fill'd my mind,
Nor left one ray of hope behind?
For oh! a fatal vow I've made,
Which must be kept."—No more he said;
His tongue with death-like sorrow tied,
O'erwhelming grief his speech denied.
What strength of mind, what fortitude,
(While thus she spoke) the damsel show'd!
My father, if thy word hath pass'd,

If my unhappy lot be cast
Know that to shrink or fly from pain
The child of Jepthah can disdain.
'Tis mine submissively to bow,
Thine to perform thy sacred vow:
And may that pow'r exalted be,—
The glorious god of victory—
Whose mighty arm o'erthrew thy foe,
And laid thy proud opposer low.
Then calm, my sire, thy aching breast,
And grant me this my last request—
For two short months my life to spare,
That, with my friends, I may repair,
Where yonder mountains, tow'ring high,
Appear to reach the lofty sky,
There to lament my hapless fate,
And fit me for my awful state."
Deep sunk in grief, in accents low,
Th' afflicted father bids her go.
The youthful train, ere while so gay,
In silent sorrow bend their way.
The rugged mountain they ascend,
The solemn hours in pray'r they spend.
At length, (two dreary months expir'd,)
The maid, with strength divine inspir'd,
Submissive to the will of God,
Now seeks her hapless sire's abode.
But ah! what words can paint the scene?
Th' unhappy father's pangs how keen!
His dreadful oath must not be broke:
His hand must give the fatal stroke.
'Tis done! she falls a sacrifice!
'Tis done! the guiltless victim dies.
The struggles o'er—her soul ascends—
Her guardian spirit near attends
To hail her with sweet songs of love,
And guide her to the realms above.
Meanwhile, immers'd in deepest woe,
Her sad companions weep below;
Nor, when the solemn days return,
Do they neglect their loss to mourn.
Four days in each successive year,
A virgin troop assembles there.
High on the mountain's top they meet,
And there the mournful tale repeat,
How she resign'd her guiltless breath,
And clos'd her lovely eyes in death.

C. C. R.

SONG.

By Mrs. PIOZZI.

ARRIV'D at grave and grey fourscore,
'Tis time to think of life no more;
Time to be gone, and therefore I
Will quit this world without a sigh:
Without or sorrow, care, or fright,
Will bid the company good night.

When hence we go 'tis hard to say
Whither we rove, or which the way;
But he, who sent me here, can show
My doubtful footsteps where to go.
Then trusting in his pow'r and might,
I'll bid the company good night.

I've tasted here of ev'ry joy,
But time can taste itself destroy,
It teazes me to see how soon
Quite good for nothing I am grown.
Since such the case, 'tis surely right
To bid the company good night.

Acrostic to Miss A. H.

AGAIN lovely spring all her beauty displays;
Now Sol beams upon us his heart-cheering rays.
New pleasures arise with the dawn of each day,
Hark! the lively ton'd thrush warbles sweet on the spray.
Arise, my dear friend! Now the fields are in bloom:
Rude winter is fled; and the flow'rs yield perfume.
Round the meads see how sweetly the primroses smile,
In yon pleasant grove let us wander awhile:—
So pleasing the prospect! so cooling the air!
Oh! haste, my kind friend! let us banish all care:
No joys in the world are like those we shall share.

C. C. R.

SONNET.

By JOHN MAYNE.

SWEET sound!—I love to hear the parish-bells,
At church-time, when the villagers repair
To learn good tidings which the preacher tells,
And bless their Maker in the house of pray'r!
Behold them list'ning to the truths divine!—
'Tis Pick'ring* preaches, dignified and clear!
Pick'ring, whose precepts in his practice shine,
Confirms their hope, and dissipates their fear.
Returning happy home through flow'ry meads,
Or struggling on in Care's perplexing road,
His doctrine guides them in the path which leads
Their footsteps to the Paradise of God!
Pure Paradise, unruffled with a sigh!
Man's surest hope on earth, the day-spring from on high!

* The Rev. Joseph Pickering, perpetual curate of Paddington, Middlesex.

THEATRICAL REPORT.

A number of correspondents having expressed a surprise that the Lady's Magazine *has not, for some time, noticed the Drama, we purpose, from this period, to introduce a monthly* Theatrical Report, *which it is hoped will prove acceptable to our fair readers.—For their additional amusement, therefore, without being lavish in promises, we shall, in future, offer a candid impartial review of new pieces and performers at the principal Theatres.—This month, we confine ourselves to a description of the various alterations, and improvements, which have taken place in the winter houses.*

Theatre Royal Covent Garden,

Opened on Monday, the 12th of September.—An alteration has been made, since last season, in the lower saloon. On entering at the Bow-street side of the house, we behold an elliptical arch to the right, with steps ascending from each extremity of the apartment to two new doors, which open into the lobby of the boxes immediately over the dress circle. An elegant balcony is thus formed in front of these doors; on the right and left of which a superb mirror meets the eye. Although this is an improvement in the general appearance, it is to be feared that the alteration will not be without its inconveniences; as the room taken from the saloon for the staircase, which was not complained of before as being too spacious, will be greatly missed. The body of the house has been retouched, the gilding new burnished, and in the place of a green curtain we are presented with a new ornamental drop-cloth. The ground of it is light blue, on which the arms of the Prince Regent are richly emblazoned; a deep gold fringe adorns the bottom, surmounted by a representation of the several national orders of knighthood.—Upon the whole, however, it cannot be said that this scene is in harmony with the other parts of the house, a circumstance which ought to have been borne in mind, though, in other respects, we do not object to this Parisian substitute for the heavy green curtain.—The theatre has been extremely well attended since its opening.

Theatre Royal Drury Lane.

Opened on Tuesday, the 20th of September.—The whole interior has been most magnificently decorated. The grand saloon is painted with a lilac ground, harmonizing with the columns of pilasters; the great staircase and rotunda are fresh painted and decorated; the coridors of the boxes are divided into pannels of two shades of delicate green, with a white Etruscan border: these lead us into the interior. The basement is painted in rich Scagliola marble. The fronts of the dress boxes are a light blue ground, enriched by a gold octagonal lattice work, with roses in the centres, and a relief of white in the intersections.

The canopy fronts of the first tier have an antique projecting scroll, with gold foliage falling upon relieved flutings. The second tier is embellished by a series of classical subjects, painted in relief upon a blue ground, with enriched borders.

The third tier of boxes is decorated by a gold scroll-work in relief, running from the centre ornament of the same character to each termination of the sides, upon a blue ground.

The prevailing color, therefore, of the boxes is blue; but it is relieved, and a warmth of tone produced by the back of the boxes being painted in a light brown color, divided into pannels by appropriate borderings.

The ceiling is new, the dome being divided into alternate compartments of blue vanishing into distance, and scroll enrichments terminating in the centre.

Increased accommodation has also been contrived for the galleries, which, though not evident in the *coup d'œil,* will be felt by the visitors to other parts of the theatre.

It now only remains to describe the alterations made in the proscenium. It must be in the recollection of every visitor of this theatre, that the hydrostatic lamps, placed upon tripods on each side of the proscenium, though very beautiful and brilliant in their appearance, were found, on practice, too delicate in their contruction to bear the currents of air to which they were exposed, by the rising and falling of the curtain; they were therefore removed at the close of the first season, and their supports, the tripods, remained as elegant, but useless ornaments. These are now displaced, and the vacancy filled up by two additional proscenium boxes on

each side. This increase of theatrical property, it is calculated, will defray the expense of the new decorations, without trenching in the least upon the public part of the auditory.

The two grand columns, in compliance with the taste and desire of theatrical criticism, have been removed, and the angles left have been filled up by ornaments uniting with the general *contour* of the house, and affording to the architect the opportunity of indulging the performers in their favorite wish of stage doors.—Above these doors, balconies, with suitable canopies, lattice-work, and galleries are placed, rendering them both ornamental in the general effect, and serviceable in the business of the stage.

The grand arch of the proscenium has been contrived to unite with this oblique support.

The proscenium boxes are fronted by relief enrichments of classical subjects, and the colors blue, white, and gold, corresponding with the body of the house: the whole is in perfect harmony.

This alteration of the proscenium has certainly produced great advantage in the scenic effect.

Before, the spectator measured by his eye the distance between the front lamps and the scenery, and the performers appeared to act in a large intermediate space. Now, by the introduction of the proscenium boxes, the performers are carried back, in their action, to a line parallel to the new stage doors, by which they are blended with the perspective of the scenery, and the depth of the picture-frame formed by the proscenium, is, in appearance, lessened one-half.

The whole presents a spectacle, unequalled for brilliancy of effect.

FASHIONS

FOR

OCTOBER.

Morning Walking-Dress—A robe dress of white French muslin, made short with triple flounce, with a set on of narrow light blue ribbon—the waist rather short—the bodice made full on the breast with wrapper front—and collar to turn over:—the sleeves full, with a divided tuck at the elbow:—bracer of light blue satin ribbon.—The Oldenburg bonnet of straw; the front smaller than before; with a small blue feather on one side.—The hair in small full curls round the head.—Necklace and ear-rings of pearl.—A French scarf of white silk with a broad border of flowers.—Gloves of primrose kid —Boots of blue jean.

Evening Dress—A white satin slip under a train of light green gauze, or crape—the bodice of white satin, made low; ornamented with white silk floss trimming, with a border of lace in scolloped vandykes, at the feet, and bosom: the train made rather short—full long sleeves of fine French gauze, divided at the elbow, and made full—bracer of figured white satin ribbon.—The hair a treble row of small curls round the head, with a diamond comb in front.—Necklace and earrings of diamonds.—Bracelets *en suite*.—Gloves of white kid.—Slippers of white satin, with silver rosettes.—Fan of frosted silver crape.—An occasional French scarf of white silk, with broad border of flowers.

General Observations.—Morning Walking-Dresses are of white French muslin, figured with flowers, or striped with variegated colors—the bodice and sleeves made full, with rolling collar or tippet;—front trimmed with full frill plaiting of lace—the feet generally trimmed with a treble flounce of lace.—Pelisses of fine French cloth, of fawn or light olive, with plain skirt, rounded in front to fly open—in front the bodice plain, with several broad capes falling on the shoulders.—The Oldenburg bonnet with moderate pokes in front, are most general:—the Spanish hat of colored silk continues in request:—the fur caps are beginning to appear and become general for the forthcoming season.—Handkerchiefs for the neck, of colored French silk, are in great repute. — Colored boots are generally worn.—Gloves of French colored kid.

Half-Dresses are generally of variegated striped muslin, made short in the skirt, trimmed with flounces of lace—the make the same as the walking dress.—The hair in full curls on the forehead, with a small cap of French lace with a cluster of flowers on one side.—Flowers are a general appendage to morning dresses.

Evening Dresses are of white satin, with skirts of colored crape, ornamented with flounces of colored ribbon—short sleeves composed of lace, festooned to the shoulder with pearls—the bodice short, the bosom and shoulders made low—pearls or diamonds generally ornament the bodice.—The hair in small ring curls round

the head with a cluster of flowers on one side.—Slippers are much worn of white satin, embroidered with variegated flowers on the front.—Large French shawls with broad worked borders are a general appendage to the evening dress.

BOOKS *recently published.*

Miscellaneous.

A complete Roman History, from the celebrated Works of N. Hooke, Esq. and Edw. Gibbon, Esq. with the intervening Period from the best and most approved Authorities, including all the Maps, Plates, and Graphical Illustrations belonging to each, in Numbers, 1*s*. each.

Wathen's Voyage to China. 4to. £3.3*s*.

Humboldt's Narrative of Travels. £2.12*s*. 6*d*.

Sismondi sur Geneveve. 4*s*.

Original Letters to a Young Lady. 2*s*. 6*d*.

Salt's Voyage. £5. 5*s*.

Rouse's Doctrine of Chances. 15*s*.

Grundy on Evangelical Christianity. £1.4*s*.

Memoirs by a Literary Character. 7*s*.6*d*.

Inquiry into the Constitutional Character of the Queen Consort of England. 2*s*. 6*d*.

Vaughan's Thanksgiving Sermon. 1*s*.6*d*.

Toulmin's View of the Dissenters. 12*s*.

Marsh on the Churches of Rome and England. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Domestic Cookery, by a Lady. 7*s*.6*d*.

Reflexions on the Conviction and Sentence of Lord Cochrane. By J. Clayton Jennyns. 2*s*.

Memoirs of Mr. Kean, of Drury Lane Theatre. 3*s*. 6*d*.

View of the Rise, Progress, and Decline of the Ancient Christian Church. By Sir J. J. W. Jervis, bart. 1*s*.

Novels and Romances.

Confessions of Longueville. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Waverley; or "'Tis Sixty Years since." £1. 1*s*.

Alicia de Lacy. By Mrs. West. £1.8*s*.

Pneumanee; or, The Fairy of the 19th Century. 10*s*. 6*d*.

A Month in Town. 16*s*. 6*d*.

Melford House; or, Folly as it flies. 18*s*.

Sarsfield; or, The Wanderings of Youth. By J. Gamble. 16*s*. 6*d*.

Plain T[illegible]

Poetry.

Lord Thurlow's Carmen Britanicum. 5*s*.

Anacreon in Dublin. 8*s*.

Paradise of Coquettes. 9*s*.

Eighteen Hundred and Thirteen. By Mrs. Grant. 8*s*.

The Regent and the King; or, A Trip from Hartwell to Dover. By Peter Pindar. 2*s*.

Buonaparté. 1*s*. 6*d*.

Norway, a Satire.

Poems by Fred. Thornhill. 5*s*.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A new edition of Byron's Miscellaneous Poems, in two 8vo. volumes, is nearly ready for publication.

Miss Starke's Letters from Italy, with considerable additions, are now in the press.

Dr. Jamieson is preparing a new edition of the Life of King Robert Bruce, by John Barbour, archdeacon of Aberdeen; and of the Acts and Deeds of Sir William Wallace, by Henry the Minstrel; from the MS of both in the Advocates' Library, with Biographical Sketches, Notes, and a Glossary.

A Short Excursion in France, 1814, with Engravings of the Venus de Medicis and Apollo Belvidere, is nearly ready for publication.

The Rev. J. Grant will soon publish the second volume of his History of the English Church and Sects, which will include an account of the sect, who have adopted the delusions of Joanna Southcott.

A Memoir of the Expedition employed in the Conquest of Java, with a Survey of the Islands forming the Oriental Archipelago, is in the press, illustrated by thirty-four maps and views.

Dr. Trotter, of Newcastle, is preparing for the press, Reflections on the Diseases of the Poor for the last Ten Years; being a summary of the cases of upwards of 3000 patients who have received his gratuitous advice.

Mr. John Greig will soon publish, in quarto, a Brief Survey of Holy Island, the Farn Islands, and the Adjacent Coast of Northumberland, illustrated by engravings.

The Rev. Wm. Butcher, of Ropsley, will soon publish a volume of Discourses on the leading Doctrines of Christianity, calculated for family reading.

The Rev. C. Wellbeloved, of York, is preparing an edition of the Holy Bible, with notes, critical, moral, and devotional, which is intended to be published in parts.

CHRONICLE.

The King.—The following bulletin was exhibited at St. James's Palace:

"Windsor Castle, Sept. 3, 1814.

"His Majesty continues tranquil, and in good health." [*signed as usual.*]

Some interesting anecdotes, relative to the king, are now in circulation. During the last month, it is said, his Majesty his experienced frequent lucid intervals, and has conversed on general topics with all his physicians. He expressed great anxiety to have an interview with the Duke of Wellington, and appeared to be affected, in the highest degree, by the subject of the marriage of his grand daughter; but it is singularly remarkable, he gave directions that a favourite horse should be destroyed on a fixed day, having attained a certain age, in conformity with a written memorandum made by himself some years ago, which was found in the place pointed out by his Majesty, and which proved in every respect to correspond with the period prescribed.

The Princess of Wales has passed through Germany, in her way to Italy. She travels under the title of Countess of Cornwall.

The town-house and furniture of the Princess of Wales are to be sold in October; a circumstance which strongly favours the report that her royal highness's absence from this country is not likely to be a short one.

New Strelitz, Aug. 27.—Yesterday were celebrated here the solemn espousals of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, with her Royal Highness the Dowager Princess of Salm, born Duchess of Mecklenburg Strelitz.

Hanover Sept. 2.—On Tuesday last His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge arrived at the palace of Montbrilliant, when his Royal Highness was received by the officers of the Duke of Cumberland's dragoons, a detachment of which had escorted him from Neustadt. The day before yesterday was a grand court day. His Royal Highness will remain at Montbrilliant till late in the autumn.

It is said that the Duke of Cumberland will shortly take up his residence at the Furstenhoff, which is putting in order; at present he remains here.

Their serene highnesses the Princes of Brunswick have quitted their mansion at Vauxhall, with their preceptor and household, to take up their residence at the court of their illustrious father in Germany.

Her imperial Highness the Archduchess Maria Louisa, who has been at Aix, in Savoy, since the 16th July, quitted that little town on the 5th inst. and on the 6th arrived at Geneva. This princess will pass the mountains of Switzerland, and visit the glaciers before she returns to Vienna. The persons composing her suite wear the new cockade of Parma, white with red streaks.

Price of Bread. — Quartern Wheaten Loaf *September* 7, thirteen pence farthing —*September* 14, 21, and 28, the same.

Dreadful Fire.—On the 28th. ult. about 7 o'clock in the evening, a fire broke out at Lingard and Co.'s mustard and oil manufactory, situated on the Surry side of the river, between Blackfriars and London Bridge, and close to the water-edge. The flames ascended with great rapidity, so that in less than a quarter of an hour the blaze might be perceived from every quarter of the metropolis; from Blackfriars Bridge, especially, the view was terrifically grand and magnificent.

The crowd of spectators, assembled upon the Bridge, almost obstructed the carriage way. About half past seven the roof of the mustard manufactory fell in; the whole of the premises were burnt to the ground. The flames communicated to several premises surrounding Lingard's, amongst which were flower mills, a dyer's, and a timber yard. Four barges, which were moored in the river, containing 60 chaldron of coals, with seven or eight old wooden houses, all inhabited by poor families, were consumed. Fortunately no lives were lost; but many persons were so much hurt as to be sent to the hospital. One horse in a private stable was burnt, and very little of an immense property has been saved. The loss falls heavily on the fire offices.

Vauxhall.—This delightful scene of summer amusement, closed for the season on the 25th ult. We regret to find, from an address delivered by Mr. Taylor, that [illegible] festivities have caused such [illegible]it, as to compel the proprietors prematurely to close the season.

As a woman was lately going from Toseland to Mr. Emery's, grocer, at St. Neot's, with some honey, a swarm of bees followed her to the shop—a distance of four miles.

An Irish Nun.—On the 10th ult. a solemn ceremony took place in a Roman Catholic chapel at Clonmel, in Ireland, which, from the interest of the circumstance, was crowded to excess. It was the acceptance of the White Veil, in the society of the Presentation Convent, by a Miss Fanning, of Waterford, seventeen years of age, with a very respectable fortune. All the gentry of the town and neighbourhood came to witness the ceremony.

Posting in France.—There is a regulation adopted now in France, which orders an open book to be kept at each inn, for a traveller to enter any complaint he may have to make against a porter, waiter, or post-boy.

Madame Lucien Bonaparté arrived on the 31st ult. at Bruges, from England. She set out next day for Italy.

At length the commissioners appointed to purchase a domain, as an act of national gratitude for the unparelleled services of the late Lord Nelson, Duke of Bronte, have fixed on an estate—Standlynch House and Park, in Wiltshire, for the purpose. By the act of the 46. George III. cap. 146, it is in future to be called *Trafalgar Park*, in commemoration of the noble admiral's last victory.

The *projet* of the law respecting the liberty of the press was discussed in the French Chamber of Peers, at their sittings of the 23d, 27th, 30th August, and 1st September. It was adopted with different Amendments in the sitting of the 3d.

Bartholomew fair commenced on Saturday the 3d of September, with the noise and clangour of a thousand instruments of sound, and of ten thousand human and brute throats;—the contortions, grimace, and oratory of the rival merry andrews, running a parade, as it is technically termed—the display of youthful, tawdry, and vulgar beauty, in dancing Scots reels to the music of the salt-box and tabor—the leger-de-main tricks and agility of jugglers and tumblers—and the jostling, pressure, tumult, noise and riot intentionally kept up by the pickpockets in the way of their vocation.—A drove of bullocks leaving Smithfield, one of the beasts, in its fright, leaped into a swing that stood facing the Bell Inn, and afforded much amusement to a crowd of spectators assembled round, who pushed the swing backwards and forwards for about five minutes, during which time the animal stood quite still.

The Duke of Wellington, with the permission of government has purchased the Borghese Palace at Paris for £36,000 as a permanent residence of the British ambassador at the court of France.

It is said to be the intention of the Duke of Wellington to appropriate the sum voted to his grace by parliament, to the purchase of land in his native country. Land can no doubt be had in Ireland on much better terms than in this part of the empire.

The Hottentot Venus, who has so long exhibited herself in London, has gone, amongst other fashionables, to Paris.

Warsaw, August 15.—The national estates in the dutchy of Warsaw, formerly given by Bonaparté to the French marshals and generals, have been confiscated.

A gang, or rather den of coiners, have been discovered at Birmingham. They were busily at work in a subterraneous retreat, manufacturing 3s. pieces.

The quantity of salmon brought into London during the last week was so great, that the very finest quality has been sold by ratail at Billingsgate at the reduced price of from 6*d*. to 7*d*. per lb.

In France, returning loyalty and religion are disfigured in the eye of reason by an unhallowed mixture of the absurd and profane superstition of older times. Thus the good people of Nismes have made a foolish vow about the Duchess of Angoulême, and presented her Royal Highness with an address, which is nothing short of blasphemy. They will consecrate the silver statue of an infant to the Almighty, if the Duchess presents France with an heir to the Bourbons. Doubtless that Princess must be exceedingly interesting to every one of good feelings, and we allow Frenchmen to support their claims to superior gallantry, by all the merit that consists in beautiful nonsense. But for a poor citizen to tell her Royal Highness, that it was she "who had absolved France of its crimes," and that "God has only pardoned France, because her heart remained French," could scarcely be grateful to a princess who is distinguished by her piety.

It is extraordinary that the following remarkable instance of longevity has not been more generally promulgated. On a tomb-stone in Bridlington Church-yard, near Bristol, appears the follow-

ing inscription, in very plain and intelligible characters;—John Newman, 153 years old—1542; Old Parr died in 1634, aged 152; Newman outlived him by a year.

Augsburg Aug. 25.—One of our papers publishes the following letter written from Italy, dated the 27th July, by a young merchant of our city:—"On the 18th I embarked at Leghorn in a felucca, and with a fair wind we made the sixty miles to Porto Ferrajo. Next day I met by chance Napoleon Bonaparté, who had about twelve persons in his suite. When he perceived me, he advanced towards me, and asked me with eagerness in Italian, 'Who are you?' 'Whence come you?' 'What is your business? 'Where do you stay?' I answered him with the same promptitude.—"He is extraordinarily fat, and hardly to be recognized. In other respects he seemed in good health and there was no trace of melancholy in his countenance. His troops amount to 1200 men. His habitation consists of a house of two divisions, of two stories each, and three windows in front, &c.; behind his house there is a small garden, &c."

Bonaparté is forming a printing establishment at Elba. The types, presses, &c. have been ordered from the adjacent Continent. It is believed that in addition to the Memoirs of his Own Life, which will be printed there, he intends, in imitation of the other Sovereigns in Europe, to publish a court gazette."

In a pamphlet, lately published at Paris, it is stated, that the French army, after the battle of Leipzig, marched two hundred miles without having their wounds dressed, or receiving any medical assistance.

Napoleon has chosen for his arms a bee and a sleeping eagle.

All travellers agree that the number of women in France greatly exceeds that of the men; and in the proportion too of nearly eleven to four, as to the adults of the two sexes. Had the war continued, and Bonaparté preserved his power, it is not unlikely but he would have extended his conscription to the female subjects, and we should have heard of cohorts of *amazons* taking the field, and of *Bombardiers* in petticoats.

Italy.—The excavations of Pompei are pursued with the most unremitting zeal by the Neapolitan government. The most recent discoveries have been three new magnificent tombs adorned with sculpture, and a hall which is supposed to have been the court of justice, and which is decorated with a triple row of columns. Bronze stoves were also found in the same place, of the most beautiful form, with a faun and a bacchus two feet high and exquisitely formed. Lastly, a small bronze gladiator, precisely similar to that which has been already so much admired, and which is in the attitude of supplicating life from the spectators. A short time ago, there was also found a beautiful silver vase, which seemed to have been used in religious worship; it is covered with figures in relief, and resembles in form that of the royal cabinet of France, which has been published by Caylus and Dom Martin. There is a third vase quite similar, in the cabinet of the late Cardinal Borgia. There has been discovered in the cabinet of medals at Milan, a Chinese work published in 1750, by order of the Emperor Kien Long, containing drawings of upwards of nine hundred antique vases, resembling those denominated Etruscan. Several appear to be of very remote antiquity.

On Sunday night a most singular meteoric phenomenon took place. It commenced in the west, some degrees south from where the sun had set; appearing at first like the beard of an approaching comet; but in a short time it advanced across the whole heavens, forming a large bow from west to east. The direction of the bow seemed to be some degrees south of our zenith. The rays were at first much diverged, but afterwards they became more condensed. It continued in this state for about ten minutes; after which, the rays again diverged, and it gradually disappeared, beginning at the east. When the bow was in its most perfect state, it was about the breadth of a common rainbow; the light was strong, considerably stronger than that of the milky way, and its brilliancy was greater in proportion to its proximity to the west; it being exceedingly faint towards the eastern horizon.—(*Chester Paper*)

In 1240 the crown of thorns, with a great many other holy relics, which used to be kept in the chapel of the Palace of Constantinople, were mortgaged by Prince Baldwin de Courtenay, Emperor of Constantinople, to St. Lewis, his uncle, for a large sum of money to carry on the war against the Infidels; and in 1255 the same Prince confirmed them to St. Lewis by a deed of gift, which is the origin of their coming into France.

The moderate rate, at which horses may now be maintained, together with the great fall in the price of horses, should

reduce the price of posting, throughout every part of the kingdom. Why do not the gentlemen of each county interfere, and countenance a plan that would reduce the prices?

The thief caught napping.—On Tuesday se'nnight, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, John Johnson, formerly a master of a vessel in the coal trade, was detected in the house of Mr. James Boswell, of Stephenson-street, North Shields, into which, in the absence of the family, he had forcibly entered by a back window. The plate, and various other articles of value, were prepared for moving off; but unable to resist the juice of the grape, after the fatigue of packing, the thief had regaled himself with a bottle and a half of wine, when, sinking into the arms of *Morpheus*, he was discovered reposing in an arm-chair, with bottles and glasses before him! A gold ring, some beads, and silver spoons, were found in his pockets. On further search, every bed in the house had the appearance of being slept on, and several persons of suspicious appearance having been observed near Mr. Boswell's the morning previous, there is every reason to conclude that Johnson and his accomplices had passed the night in the house. On his lodgings being searched, several articles of Mr. Boswell were found in a chest. He had taken his passage in a vessel for London, but is now committed by the Magistrates for Tynedale Ward to the house of correction. The circumstance of a crow bar having been found at the back window, led to the discovery of the burglary.

The Norwich mail, on Wednesday morning, the 14th of September, about six o'clock, coming to London, between Ingatestone and Rumford, came up with the Yarmouth Telegraph light coach, when the Yarmouth coachman refused to give way for the mail to pass, and the mail was obliged to slacken its usual pace for several miles, and until within two miles of Rumford, when the mail coachman perceiving an opportunity of passing the Telegraph on the off side, endeavoured to go by, but the Telegraph crossed him, when the leaders of the Telegraph coach run away over Rumford-common, and overturned the coach, by which seven outside passengers, and four insides were dreadfully bruised. The mail brought several to Rumford for surgical assistance, and sent conveyances to fetch the others.

There is now living at Mutley, a woman named Elizabeth Wyatt, who just completed her 101st year. A few days since, she reaped and bound a sheaf of corn in a field belonging to Mr. Pike, of Pennycross. She has regularly worked at harvest for the last 75 years, and her sight and hearing are particularly good.

On Wednesday last Wm. Griggs, a youth only 13 years of age, son of Mr. W. Griggs, of Beaksbourn Hill, was discovered suspended from a tree, and lifeless, near his father's house.

Tobacco.—A correspondent says, "The late unprecedented advance in the price of tobacco has occasioned a variety of experiments to be made with a view to discover a substitute, and it is now fully ascertained that the very common herb *yarrow* does as well for smoking as the best Virginia."

Singular Circumstance. — Lately an aged female, a widow, who resides at North Shields, applied to the officers of St. John's parish for relief. Some doubts being entertained respecting her claim, an investigation took place, when it was clearly ascertained that her last service was in that parish, in the family of Mr. Edward Wilson, about thirty years ago, and that she is actually a niece of the celebrated General Washington! It is almost unnecessary to add, that relief was immediately granted.

Paris, Sept. 20.—Some of the English journals have concluded, from the sale of the house which the Princess of Wales occupied in London, (Connaught-place,) that her Royal Highness does not mean to return to England. The Strasburg Gazette contains the following answer to these reports, to which the residence of the Princess in that city gives an official character:—"The article in The Star, concerning the Princess of Wales, is not correct; her Royal Highness is still in possession of her apartments in Kensington Palace, where the officers of her household constantly reside, in readiness to receive her when she should wish to return. The house in Connaught-place was not rented by her Royal Highness as a permanent residence in London.

The marriage of the Archduke Charles with the Grand Duchess of Oldenburgh is considered as certain, and it is added, that the nuptials will be solemnized at Vienna, whither the Grand Duchess will proceed towards the end of this month.

BIRTHS.

The Princess Catherine, daughter of the King of Wirtemburg, and wife of Jerome Bonaparte, of a son.

The Countess of Moray, of a son.

Mrs. Philipps, Guildford-street, Russel-square, of a daughter.

Mrs. Hickey, Highgate, of a son.

Mrs. Harry Cook, North Crescent, Bedford-square, of a son.

Mrs. Alston, Harley-street, of a still-born child.

The lady of the Hon. Archibald Macdonald, of a son.

Mrs. Courtenay, Montague-street, Russell-square, of a daughter.

Mrs. Mansfield, Baker-street, of a daughter.

Mrs. Norman, Red-lion-square, of a son.

Mrs. Randolph, of Letcombe Basset. Berks, of a son.

The Right Hon. Lady Bagot, of a daughter.

Mrs. Butler, Ramsbury Cottage, Wilts, of a son.

Mrs. Jortin, Charlotte-street, Bedford-square, of a son.

Mrs. Ellice, Midsham House, Berks, of a daughter.

The Rt. Hon. Lady King, of a daughter.

The lady of Col. Dalbiac, 4th dragoons, of a daughter.

Lady Isabella Blachford, of a son.

Mrs. Teesdale, Merton, of a daughter.

Mrs. Evelyn Shirley, Eatington Park, Warwickshire, of a daughter.

Mrs. Yates, Park-street, Grosvenor-square, of a son.

Mrs. Anderson, Hampstead Heath, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Mr. John Tillcard to Miss Allnan.

Mr. Yallop, Prince's-street, Bedford-square, to Miss Amelia Johnston.

Rev. Angus Makellar to Miss Sterling, of Keir.

Lieut. Carmichael, 104th Regt. to Miss Smith, daughter of Douglas Smith, Esq.

C. M. Lowe, esq. to Miss Orme.

Rt. Hon. W. M'Mahon to Miss Shaw.

T. Small, esq. to Mrs. Drake.

Major Broughton to Miss Chamier.

E. Gayford, esq. to Miss Clapham.

Rt. Hon. F. Robinson to Lady S. Hobart.

Mr. Fenner to Miss Richardson, of Horncastle.

Mr. Brettingham to Miss Wheatley, daughter of the late artist.

Sir G. Jackson to Mrs. Day.

R. B. Hoppner, esq. (son of the late artist, to Mademoiselle Marie Isabelle May, of Berne, Switzerland.

Rev. I. H. Randolph, son of the late Bishop of London, to Miss Wilson, of Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Mr. Highmore to Miss Crawley.

N. S. Chauncey, esq. to Miss Bannerman.

R. Smart, esq. to Miss Willis.

J. S. Munnings, esq. to Miss Jackson, of Kentish Town.

Mr. J. B. Philipps to Miss Dickins.

Mr. W. H. Abercrombie to Miss Noad.

Mr. Sneslove to Miss Dickenson.

C. Smith, esq. to Miss Mainwaring.

Mr. Latimer to Miss Skelton.

Mr. Basil Wood to Miss Milton.

E. H. Barker, esq. to Miss Manley.

Capt. Brooks, of the Bombay Infantry, to Miss Conyngham.

R. Stewart, esq. to Miss M. Thomson, of Jamaica.

G. Smith, esq. of Northampton, to Miss Roper.

DEATHS.

At Vienna, suddenly, on the 18th Sept. the Queen of Sicily.

The Duchess of Buccleugh, and Queensberry.

The Hon. W. F. Mackenzie.

Lady M. Martin, sister of the Duke of Athol.

W. Moore, esq. of Gower-street.

Mrs. Grazebrook, Chertsey, Surrey.

The Right Hon. G. Ogle.

Peter Levesque, Esq.

Mr. Peyton, late surgeon of the East Indiaman Retreat.

J. Parkhouse, esq. Manchester Buildings.

Mr. Ball, formerly Accountant to the Hudson's Bay Company.

W. S. Blake, esq. Change Alley, Cornhill.

Mr. C. Addis, Park-street, Westminster.

R. B. Wray, esq. Salisbury.

Mr. K. Dixon, Throgmorton-street.

The Rt. Hon. Countess of Glandore.

Dr. Shaw, Lowestoft.

P. Dealtry, esq. Braddenham, Bucks.

W. J. Jones, esq. Egham.

At Auteuil, the celebrated Count Rumford.

R. M. Biddulph, esq. Stanhope-street, May Fair.

Daniel Isaac Eaton, a publisher of free theological and political works.